The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1893.

The Week.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL'S appeal to the United States lawyers to free their minds from "cant" on the subject of the horrors of pelagic sealing must have reached ex-Solicitor-General Aldrich in advance, for he declared, in his argument on the Chinese question before the Supreme Court on Wednesday week, that he had no sympathy whatever with the "sickly sentimentality" which some foolish people displayed over the Chinese. Mr. Carter at Paris may shed tears over the sufferings of the seals, but Mr. Aldrich at Washington will hear of nothing but the sternest measures in the case of "a people not suited to our institutions, remaining a separate and distinct race, having habits often of the most pernicious character, working at wages that debase our own laboring classes, etc." There is nothing like discrimination in these matters of philanthropy. "Bachelor seals" may be clubbed from one end of the Pribyloff Islands to the other, and Chinamen are fair game in or out of a *mare clausum* and with or without the *animus revertendi;* but when it comes to pelagic sealing, and above all to the crowning horror of killing seals not yet alive, the American people has to draw the line.

The outbreak during last Thursday's session of the Paris tribunal seems to have been almost *contra bonos mores* in a dignified international court. The cable reports:

> "Sir Charles Russell, Senator Morgan, Lord Hannen, Baron de Courcel, Mr. Phelps, and Justice Harlan spoke with high spirit and occasionally with bitterness. Senator Morgan and Mr. Phelps declined to guarantee that the United States would accord damages for seizures, even if the tribunal decided against them. Lord Hannen exclaimed: 'Then our whole arbitration is useless and the whole question will be reopened!' Finally the difficulty was adjusted temporarily by the decision that the discussion of the question of liability be postponed."

The treaty does not give the tribunal power to award damages. It can, under the treaty, and on application by either side, find only the facts fixing liability for damages, but cannot determine the sum to be paid as damages. But the *modus vivendi* of 1892 stipulates that if the tribunal shall deny the "right" of British sealers to take the seals, then the British Government shall pay damages to the United States, and that the latter shall pay to Great Britain if the tribunal shall decide they had no right to molest Canadian pelagic sealers. The British Government seems to be claiming, under the second *modus vivendi*, that the tribunal shall assess against us the damages caused by prohibition of Canadian pelagic sealing. Among other items England has included $62,000 for expenses of the *Sayward* case before our Supreme Court.

The flurry in the Paris tribunal over spurious Russian documents used in the American Case by our agent, Mr. Foster, is interesting in many ways. The translations referred to purported to be of original documents of the Russian-American Company handed over to the United States and deposited in the State Department when Alaska was delivered to us. They were used and cited by Agent Foster to show that Russia exercised exclusive dominion over trading and hunting in Bering Sea, and that the Russian ukase of 1821 was merely declaratory of preëxisting Russian claims in that sea which had been theretofore enforced. That contention Blaine set up in 1890 alongside of *contra bonos mores.* When the British Government received our Case, and saw these documents and translations, its suspicions were excited. A competent expert was put at work on them. Errors and interpolations were discovered by England in October last. On the 19th of the next month, Agent Foster, by a note to the arbitrators and to the British Agent, gave notice of the errors also discovered, as he claimed, by independent American investigation, withdrew the false documents, and, in our Counter-Case, revised and reshaped accordingly the original Blaine contentions and the contention in our Case. That was for us rather a bad beginning. We give one example of the interpolations in the second Russian ukase—that of 1821—putting between brackets the forgeries:

> "(7.) That since the sovereignty of Russia over the shores of Siberia [and America] as well as over the Aleutian Islands [and the intervening seas] has long since been acknowledged by all Powers, those coasts, islands [and seas] just named, etc."

The State Department has disclosed the name of the maker of the interpolations in the text that were pure inventions, and of the false translations of the real text, but it has not presented any explanation of the motive of the miscreant or his inducement.

The report comes from Washington that Secretary Gresham has asked for the resignation of W. E. Curtis, chief of the "Bureau of American Republics." The resignation of Curtis will naturally be a benefit to the country, but the abolishment of the Bureau would be a greater one. There is nothing done by this Bureau that might not be done by the Bureau of Statistics. The Bureau of American Republics emerged from the Pan-American Conference, as one humbug emerges from another. Both had their origin in the infantile idea that trade on north and south lines was more valuable than trade on east and west lines, and that trade could be coerced or coaxed by some other principle than cheapness of goods. It was an attempt on the part of Mr. Blaine to reconcile free trade and protection. The reciprocity clause of the McKinley Bill, the subsequent reciprocity treaties so called, and the Bureau of American Republics, are "all of a piece," with the difference that the last-mentioned concern is the only one that continues to cost money. About thirty-five thousand dollars per year is the charge for this side-show. We hope that Congress will abolish it, or turn it and its belongings over to the Statistical Bureau, among the earliest acts of the next session.

The Quay Republicans in Pennsylvania are doing their utmost to destroy the State's Ballot-Reform Law in the same manner as they sought to prevent its enactment. When the original law was before the Legislature of 1891 the Republicans opposed its passage in every way, until public pressure in its favor became so strong that they did not venture to continue open resistance. They pretended to yield, but loaded the law with various devices which have been found in practice to interfere with its successful operation. This year the friends of ballot-reform introduced a measure which, if substituted for the present law, would give the State an excellent system of voting. This measure was favorably reported from committee, but when it came up for final passage in the Senate, the Republican Senators completely destroyed its character by proposing and adopting amendments which converted it into a bill for removing all secrecy from elections and making bribery easy and safe. One of these amendments provides that "any voter who desires assistance in the preparation of his ballot shall be permitted by the judge of election to select a qualified elector of the election district to aid him." Democratic Senators sought to have this amendment changed so as to compel a voter asking for assistance to state under oath his reasons, and giving citizens the right to challenge such voters; but the Republican Senators would not consent.

The effect of this amendment is apparent. It permits any boss or briber to accompany any voter into the booth and there see that he marks his ballot as the boss or briber desires. In fact, the Republican advocates of the amendment, who represent the cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, made no concealment of their purpose in the matter. Several of their strongest wards had been carried by the Democrats when the new Ballot Act went into operation, and they were convinced that it was the secret character of the law which made such a result possible. In the same direction of

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fraud and bribery other amendments were adopted, one permitting a double system of marking the ballots, and another allowing a judge of elections to count the ballots instead of the inspectors representing opposite parties. The defence made by Republican Senators in all these changes was the same—"they would help the party." The House has refused to accept the amendments; the Republican press of the State, or at least the larger part of it, denounces them; and if they were to pass the Legislature, it is believed to be certain that Gov. Pattison would veto them. The present defective law is far preferable to such an open system of legalized corruption as the amendments would secure.

The bankers of Alabama, in convention assembled, have passed a resolution requesting their Congressmen to vote for the repeal of the Sherman Silver Law. This action seems to have taken the politicians by surprise. The Vicksburg (Miss.) *Herald*, commenting upon it, says that the repeal of "the Sherman makeshift" is all right, provided it is accompanied by the free coinage of gold and silver. "If that involves a readjustment of the ratio between gold and silver," it says, "let that be done." What the people in that quarter want is free coinage somehow—the ratio is unimportant. From this we infer that under a free-coinage law the farmers and planters and free negroes of Mississippi would take their silver bullion to the mint and have it coined into money and pay their debts with it and buy the necessary supplies to carry them through the planting season, being no longer dependent on commission merchants and Jew money-lenders. But if the ratio between silver and gold is changed so as to correspond with the market ratio, the people of Mississippi will receive no more for their bullion than they can get by selling it to brokers. The very Jews who pester them so will give eighty-three cents per ounce, minus a fraction, for all the silver bullion in the State. The United States Mint at New Orleans would not give more after the change of ratio.

The death of Gen. S. C. Armstrong, head of the Hampton (Va.) Institute, is a sad loss to the country, and especially to the South. From the establishment of this institution, a few years after the close of the war, he has been its moving spirit, and he soon made it one of the most potent educational forces in the nation. Founding it when the prejudice against education of the negroes was most bitter among their former masters, he conducted it with such judgment and wisdom as to win the confidence of the whites; and the leading men not only of Virginia, but of the South generally, have long recognized him as a public benefactor. A Union soldier during the war, and a Republican from the establishment of the party, he had no patience with the narrow-minded spirit which too many of his old associates manifested towards the South, and he sympathized fully with it in the difficult problems thrust upon it for solution by the emancipation and enfranchisement of degraded slaves. He realized that the chief need of the negro was to be taught how to earn his living and to become a good citizen, and he made the Institute a fountain from which flowed a constant stream of young men and women who had been taught this cardinal lesson, and who were prepared to teach it to others of their race. Of late years he has combined with this work a similar training for the Indian, and there are to-day scattered over the South and West thousands of each race who bear the impress of his inspiring and uplifting spirit.

The error which the *Tribune* committed and deplored some days ago in giving a picture of the late Gen. Armstrong as a portrait of Mr. Clarence A. Seward, and Mr. Seward's picture as a portrait of Gen. Armstrong, is one by no means uncommon in pictorial journalism. The peculiarity of this case is that the mistake was acknowledged and apologized for by the paper which made the blunder, and this was probably made necessary by the fact that Mr. Seward and Gen. Armstrong were well-known men. As a general rule, such blunders, which are numerous, pass unnoticed, one journalistic picture being considered, on the whole, as good as another. The public which likes such things is no more disposed to criticise newspaper art than little Johnny is to find fault with the drawing of the bull in his primer. A striking illustration of the indifference of the pictorial readers to authenticity in their pictures was given some time ago by the Philadelphia *Press*, which printed in its Sunday edition portraits and biographies of the seven London prostitutes killed by "Jack the Ripper." Of course both pictures and biographies were absolutely fictitious and fraudulent, but this was evidently not considered a defect by either the editor or his readers. What his public wanted, and what he supplied, was seven pictures, purporting to be pictures of slaughtered prostitutes; and what difference could it make, or did it make, whether the originals had sat for them or not?

What is most curious in the picture papers is, that the editors should think it necessary to keep giving tongue about religion, morals, political economy, international law, and other serious subjects, in columns adjoining the pictures, as if a public which had gone back to pictures for its knowledge of passing events would be willing to make the mental exertion necessary to follow the argumentation of the editor on these disgustingly serious topics. The *Tribune*, for instance, contains in the course of the week many columns about Bering Sea. Who in the pictorial world reads them? Very few, we suspect. Nine-tenths of those for whom it prints its observations on the *mare clausum*, and the law of nature, and the *contra bonos mores*, would be far better pleased with a picture of Bering Sea at the opening of the season; of the Pribyloff Islands, with a wretched "bachelor" getting his clubbing on the head; of the horrors of "pelagic fishing"; and we are bound to say they would profit just as much by the one as by the other. There is as gross absurdity in having pictures and learned editorials in the same paper as there would be in running a packhorse line alongside a railroad. They belong to different stages of civilization. The rude picture is the earliest attempt of the child and the savage to give expression to mental images, while a *mare clausum* or *bonos mores* article appeals, when intelligible, to the more cultivated understanding of the sage and the moralist.

Announcements are out for the second season of the Summer School for Catholics, which aims, according to the prospectus, to place "the fruits of the latest research in history, literature, natural science, and other branches" before "busy people" and others who would like three weeks' instruction from "eminent specialists." The programme reveals a preponderating benefit of clergy, though laymen are not wanting and women are given a place. Some curious joinings of things which the common sense of mankind has put asunder are seen in the subjects of the lectures—as, for example, of the one that is to be delivered on "Science and Miracles at Lourdes." Occasionally, too, the centuries jostle each other somewhat rudely, as in the juxtaposition of a lecture on "Electricity and Magnetism" and one on "What we owe to the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas." But the real significance of the Summer School lies not so much in its outline of study for any particular year, as in the very fact that the Catholic Church should have taken up the thing at all. Like many other things in the recent history of Catholicism in this country, it shows a vast change of attitude, conscious or unconscious. With a national university where even the pretence of untrammelled study is possible, with the traditional hostility of the Catholic Church to the public schools disowned by an authoritative voice from Rome, and with Catholics going in for reading circles and summer schools of philosophy like any other sect, the Catholics of the United States are in a fair way to lose their old identity.

London has figured curiously in the general derangement of the last week's money market. Two weeks ago, when our own stock market went into partial panic on the collapse of the "industrials,"

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British capitalists were sufficiently unconcerned about their own position to send over heavy buying orders. It is not at all probable that these purchases represented anything more than buying for a market profit. Apparently the London moneyed men believed the crisis in our market to be past when the last of the "industrial" brokers' failures was announced. They were mistaken in the Wall Street market; they were equally mistaken in their own. Last week the fortnightly settlement of London Stock Exchange accounts quite unexpectedly exhibited general weakness. Despite the general depression of this year's finances, London had been speculating for the rise not only in Australian and Continental securities, but chiefly in shares of the newly discovered gold mines on the Kaffir coast of Africa. Probably these weak spots would have remained hidden but for the break in American shares and the heavy shipments of gold to Melbourne. The Australian bank panic, which on Monday reached Sydney, seems to have grown in acuteness from the absolute vanishing of bank reserves. Depositors have drawn out their money to lock it up, and even such of the banks as reckoned themselves still solvent found themselves helpless in the face of further "runs."

England was called on for money shipments, and the bankers of Lombard Street, confident of the intrinsic soundness of many of the twelve suspended banks, responded by gold exports, within a fortnight, of upwards of two million sterling. London's own money market, thus suddenly disturbed, worked rapidly into a state of extreme tension. On Thursday the Bank of England rate advanced, and so heavy was London's demand for loans in Paris that the rate of French exchange on London within a fortnight ran rapidly up the scale, from the gold importing to the actual gold-shipping point. As was the case in New York two weeks ago, operators in doubtful securities could obtain no accommodation. Sixteen of them, chiefly minor speculators, suspended payments; others were helped out only by their fellow-brokers. One, a larger and respectable banking house, went down on Tuesday. As a natural result, the American securities bought here in the worst of our distress were sent back instantly to be marketed. Our own exchange on London, meantime, advanced again, and gold exports in quantity are predicted to that city—the first direct shipments to London since the opening of the year.

The May-Day demonstrations of the Anarchists this year were mostly made on the principle that the pen is mightier than the sword; and manifestoes, addresses, and expositions of Anarchism rained thick in all the principal cities of Europe. Not the least notable of these was the edition of the Paris *Plume* of May 1, in which the most famous of the Anarchists, Kropotkin, Élisée Reclus, and others, set forth a scientific account of their doctrines. The substance of their teaching, as one finally comes at it behind the scientific jargon in which it is clothed, is that man is naturally good and happy, and that all that prevents him from being so now is the laws which a mistaken society has imposed upon itself. What can be clearer than that the way back to happiness and goodness is a return to the state of nature, where there are no laws at all? This is a curious survival of the idyllic view of the original state of mankind made so famous a hundred years ago by Rousseau, and so thoroughly knocked to pieces by the studies of the past century. The Anarchists, it is true, do not propose to go back to the wearing of skins and to marriage by clubbing. They mean to preserve all "the progress of science and material civilization," and to put this into a society where there are no laws or social obligation. Is it argued that there will be need of laws to insure safety to scholars and inventors, and to prevent robbery? The answer is that man is by nature good, and that no safeguards of that sort will be necessary if Nature only be allowed to have her perfect work. Thus the whole really turns upon the exploded doctrine of Rousseau's 'Discours sur l'Inégalité,' and has about as good a chance of actual trial.

The address of the German Emperor to the officers of the Guards last week has excited a great deal of sensation in Germany, as well it may. He condemned severely the action of the Reichstag in rejecting the Army Bill; hoped the new one would do better, but said if it did not he would himself "stake all his power to obtain the enactment of the measure, for he is too fully convinced of its necessity as a guarantee of the peace of Europe to allow it to be finally defeated." It is difficult to say what this means. It is not a threat to follow his grandfather's example in 1862, and increase the army without the consent of Parliament, but to do something to the Reichstag to make it pass the bill. What this would be nobody knows but himself, and it is doubtful if even he attached any clear meaning to his words. A semi-official explanation has been communicated to the correspondent of the United Press, which makes the matter a little darker than before. From this it would appear that the Emperor is willing to govern constitutionally if the majority in the Reichstag agrees with him, but not otherwise. There must be the kind of majority that he likes, and it must take his view of public affairs, and then all will go well. There is a childishness in this, as in many of the Emperor's previous utterances, which deprives it of most of its importance. The gravity of the speech, in fact, lies mainly in its having been delivered to the army on parade; but this is in the Emperor's case rather a piece of bad taste than a menace to constitutional government. He has said many other injudicious things on parade, which at the time alarmed the nation, but nothing has come of them. He does not act as foolishly as he talks, and Europe has ceased to take his speeches seriously. He has an unsound sense of his own importance, which makes him extremely restless but does not engage him in rash or desperate enterprises. His quarrel with the Reichstag is not a matter of principle but of degree. It is willing to give him more men, but not as many as he asks for, and great constitutional quarrels have never been begotten by questions of more or less. When his grandfather quarrelled with the Prussian Landtag, and levied taxes and troops without its permission, constitutional government in Germany was only ten years old. A quarrel with the Imperial Reichstag would be a very different matter.

It is impossible to understand the political excitement which has attended the dispute between Sweden and Norway over the question of a common consular service, without seeing that far more serious questions are involved. Sweden believes that Norway's objection to this one clause in the Act of Union of 1814 is only the first step in a movement to repeal the entire act; and the Norwegian Radicals, now in control of the Storthing, certainly give color to this suspicion. Thus, M. Michelsen, one of the leaders of the Ministerial party, expressly stated in debate not long ago that the real importance of the consular question was to be found, not in its practical bearings, but in its constitutional significance. In other words, if the Storthing can make good its claim to a right to act in this matter independently of Sweden, it will be in a position to press a claim to do so in all matters. This inference has been endorsed by Dr. Ibsen, son of the dramatist and a vehement Radical, who lately declared that the demand for separate consuls was "a means and not an end." Indeed, the poet and Republican Bjornson has gone further and frankly avowed the dissolution of the union and the establishment of a Norwegian Republic to be the real things at stake. If it were only a question of concession or adjustment at a single point, the Swedish Chamber would doubtless show itself more placable; and its recent vote, by an immense majority, against granting the Norwegian contention is to be taken as a measure of the attachment of Sweden to the union. It is clear, too, that the main question will come nakedly before the Norwegian voters in the elections of next year, and that a majority in the Storthing for Prime Minister Steen will mean not merely that Norway is determined to have her own consuls, but that she is ready for a complete rupture with Sweden.

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THE DECISION ON THE GEARY ACT.

THERE is no denying now that the Geary Act, providing for the deportation of all non-registered Chinamen resident in the United States, is constitutional. The Supreme Court says it is, and there is an end of it. But whether it is respectable, and worthy of the United States, is another matter on which the humblest may still lawfully have his say. We are glad to be able to observe at the outset that the act is by no means what is called a "well-considered measure" or the product of enlightened opinion. In fact, it is a sort of abortion pushed through Congress by indirection. It was introduced simply as a prolongation of the act prohibiting Chinese immigration for a further period of ten years, to which there was no reasonable objection. Then, by a series of additions made little by little, it was converted into an attack on the liberty of the Chinese already resident here. It compelled them, if "laborers" of any kind, to register themselves, with descriptions of their physique, in the fashion required for passports, within one year from the passage of the act. Failure to register, on the part of unlettered foreigners mostly poor and ignorant of our language and usages, subjects the offender to imprisonment at hard labor for one year, and thereafter deportation to China or any other country to which he owes allegiance. There are about 106,000 Chinamen to whom the law is applicable. About 6,000 of the more intelligent have registered, leaving 100,000 exposed to deportation under the judgment of the Supreme Court. It is supposed that it would cost about $6,000,000 to deport them, but as Congress has made no adequate appropriation for the purpose, the deportation cannot begin at once, though the imprisonment may.

To Judge Gray's observations as to the power of every government to expel aliens, there is only one answer to be made—that is, that, in the understanding of every jurist and statesman of modern times who has ever conceded or claimed it, it was assumed that the aliens whom any civilized government might think it expedient to expel would be a small body of persons—two or three or a few dozen—whose machinations or misconduct were dangerous to the peace or dignity of the community. We are very sure that it never entered into the head of any Anglo-Saxon publicist, at all events, who has written or spoken on the subject, that this power could or would be used for the wholesale expulsion of large bodies of peaceable persons—*i. e.*, to justify immense removals of population, like the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, or the Huguenots from France, or that now going on of the Jews from Russia. In the mind of every civilized man the question of number or degree is, in penal or quasi-penal legislation, an important one. We execute one or half-a-dozen murderers without mercy, but if a thousand men joined in a murder, their execution would be called a massacre and would excite general horror. What made Irish evictions so offensive to the moral sense of the community was, as Lord John Russell pointed out fifty years ago, the fact that they sometimes depopulated a whole countryside. The ejectment of one man, or a dozen men, for non-payment of rent, was all very well, but when it came to fifties or hundreds, it ceased to be eviction and became devastation. No such sweeping assertion of any legal right, he said, would be attempted in England, great as was the respect of Englishmen for law.

Moreover, the powers of expulsion conceded to governments over aliens are all based on the assumption that their presence is in some way dangerous to the public peace or national unity. It was on this ground that Ferdinand and Isabella got rid of the Moors, and Louis XIV. got rid of the Huguenots. It is on this ground that Russia is in our day expelling the Jews—that is, on the ground that their presence inflicts positive, perceptible, and widespread injury on the people at large. It was on this ground that the immigration of Chinamen was prohibited in Australia and has been prohibited here. If allowed to come freely, it was said, they would become so numerous as to make a sensible impression on the popular morals and comfort. But there is no pretence whatever that any such results are to be feared from the presence of the 106,000 Chinamen now in the country as laborers among our 65,000,000 of whites. We have taken away their elementary civil rights and exposed them to punishment and humiliation out of simple undiluted prejudice. Our sole reason for harassing and deporting them is that we do not like them. Has the power of expelling aliens ever before been claimed or exercised for such a reason? If so, where and by whom? What lawyer or legislator has ever proposed or justified the exercise of it on such grounds? If any, who is he, and where has he propounded his quiddity?

Two things must naturally flow from the judgment of the Court and the execution of the law. One is, retaliation by the Chinese Government. If the Chinese are worldly wise, they will expel every American in China, missionaries included, on short notice. Their most enlightened men entertain views as to the mischief done to the national morals and polity by the presence of foreigners in the country to which not one of our sages makes the smallest pretence. They therefore would have a justification for expelling Americans which would raise it morally far above mere retaliation. The other is, that in common decency we shall have to desist from our denunciations of the Czar for expelling the Jews. The Czar can make out a case against the Jews, of more or less force. Against our 100,000 Chinese we have no case at all any stronger than the case of the wolf against the lamb. It is true that the Jews whom he is expelling are *de facto* natives of Russia. But they are not natives in the eye of the law. They are, and always have been, quasi-aliens, and have been treated as such. Their offence now is, like that of the Chinese, that the vast majority of the population dislike them and wish they would go. To the Czar this is a sufficient justification for treating their presence in his country as a criminal offence. We have taken a leaf out of his book. We are following his example, but with this difference, that whereas tens of thousands of Russians can point to damage of some kind which they have, or think they have, suffered from Jews, it would be difficult to discover an American who has suffered, or thinks he has suffered, the smallest injury in mind, body, or estate from Chinamen. Our barbarism, therefore, has a sportive gratuitousness about it. We desire to be cruel just to show our power. The Czar, on the other hand, pleads positive damage to his people.

THE REPUBLICAN LEAGUE AT LOUISVILLE.

THE platform of the National League of Republican Clubs at Louisville demands attention rather for what it omitted than for what it said. We will briefly notice its omissions before adverting to its new declaration of principles.

(1.) It omitted to make any reference to the Force Bill. Considering that this was the chief part of the Republican policy in the last Congress which the Republican party controlled in both branches, this failure is very remarkable, but it will not cause so much remark, perhaps, as the next one on the list.

(2.) It omitted any reference to the tariff. This is the more noteworthy since a meeting of the Boston Home Market Club was held only a few days earlier to "boom" the Hon. William McKinley, jr., for the Presidency. The absence of any tariff plank in the Louisville platform thus becomes especially significant. It looks like an intended rebuke to that great man whose name is now coupled with the two greatest defeats that the Republican party has ever encountered. Evidently the Louisville Leaguers did not set any high value on Mr. McKinley's explanation of these defeats, viz., that they were due to an over-hasty judgment of the American people. Mr. McKinley said that there had not been sufficient time to demonstrate the beneficial effects of the tariff. The Leaguers may have thought that McKinley ought to have taken this element of time into his calculations when he jammed his Tariff Bill through Congress. At all events they have rebuked him by their silence, and have to that extent signified their preference for Benjamin Harrison in 1896.

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(3.) It made no reference to the silver question. This is perhaps slippery footing for Leaguers at the present time, but we have a recollection that they passed a resolution at some former meeting endorsing the Sherman Law of 1890, because it gave a "backing" of 100 cents' worth of silver to every dollar of Treasury notes issued. This was a saying of the late Secretary of the Treasury, and was so often repeated by him that it became almost a party maxim. We are not sorry, however, to miss it.

In place of these three old issues we find a miscellaneous lot of new ones, which we will notice seriatim:

(1.) "We point with pride," they say, "to the passage of a general law for the safety of life and limb of railway employees, upon the recommendation of President Harrison, by a Republican Congress, and in conformity with the expressed pledge of the National Republican Convention." As this is the first plank in the platform, and the only thing to which they "point with pride," it must be taken as the most important part of the Republican creed as understood by the Leaguers. If the Democrats in the next campaign should favor the indiscriminate slaughter of railroad employees, this resolution would be very important. It showed great forethought on the part of the Leaguers to mention the subject, because the enemy might be just foolish enough to insist upon the right of railway companies to kill their brakemen and switchmen under State laws without interference by Federal authority.

(2.) Adjoining this plank we find one of similar import denouncing the employment of Pinkerton men and like agencies in the enforcement of law. This is an evident reflection on Mr. Carnegie and his Homestead Steel Works. If the Democrats should take the opposite ground, and insist upon the right of every man to defend his own property in case the public authorities fail or neglect to do so, there might be some curious results in the next campaign. It might turn out that Carnegie himself would vote the Democratic ticket, to the dismay of his party.

(3.) Woman suffrage is warmly commended by the Leaguers. We note this as an acceptable change from the rather hackneyed question of negro suffrage. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts, who is a champion of both, will, we apprehend, hardly sanction the substitution of one for the other.

(4.) The foreign policy of Benjamin Harrison and James G. Blaine is emphatically endorsed. The Leaguers affirm that "when the American flag covers American interests and American honor, it must never be lowered." This is another sign of the clairvoyant vision of the Louisville Convention, for if the Democrats in the next campaign should take the ground that when the American flag covers American interests and American honor it should always be lowered, the advantage would be decidedly in favor of the Republicans.

These are some of the more notable proofs that the Louisville Leaguers were wise, far seeing statesmen. They appropriately censured the Union League Club of New York for excluding persons on grounds of religious prejudice—we all know how fanatical that Club is on the subject of religion. They finished their platform with a just censure of the Democrats if they fail to put their principles in practice now that they have the power. In this anticipatory judgment we are in full accord with them.

OUR CONSULAR SYSTEM.

EVERY importation of foreign goods beyond a nominal value must be based on an invoice presented to and certified by the United States consular officer of the consular district in which the goods were manufactured or prepared for shipment to the United States. This invoice, presented to the consul by the shipper, must contain, among other things, the name of the shipper, the name of the consignee, the name of the ship in which the goods are forwarded, the numbers and marks of the cases, a general description of the goods, a statement of their purchase price or market value, the name of the person from whom they were purchased, the value of the crates, boxes, or coverings in which they are shipped, an itemized statement of the expenses involved in packing and shipping, the freight, insurance, commission, brokerage, etc. Three copies must be prepared, and a fourth if the goods are destined to an interior port of entry. Letter-press copies are not allowed, so that each copy must be written out. It is obvious that the labor expended in the preparation of these invoices is enormous, and that a knowledge of the multitudinous and vexatious requirements of the law can be acquired only by considerable study and experience. In addition, the shipper must be acquainted with the course of business obtaining at the consular office of his district. The result is, that every foreign house engaged in the American trade is compelled to employ clerks acquainted with the preparation of consular invoices; and if the trade of the house is large, several clerks must be employed in this useless labor.

According to the report of the Fifth Auditor, there were 345,007 of these invoices certified by our consuls during the last fiscal year. It is safe to say that each of these invoices cost five dollars, so that the system necessitates the expenditure of about two million dollars annually. The amount is so large that the system should not be continued unless it is clearly essential to the administration of our tariff laws. It is impossible to maintain that it is so essential in the face of the fact that while nearly every nation of the globe collects duties on imports, none has ever found it necessary to resort to any such device. The consul's certificate of value is not conclusive upon our appraisers and it is practically disregarded. If the time of the consul consumed in certifying invoices was used in ascertaining the current market value of the goods shipped from his district, he could make reports to the various collectors that would be of substantial value to them and effectually accomplish the object for which the invoice system was devised, but which it confessedly fails to effect.

The law, as it stands, imposes on a consul an impossible task. It forces him to stultify himself every time he signs such a certificate, for he must certify that the value of the goods covered by the particular invoice is as stated therein or as corrected by him. Now, it is simply impossible that he should know the value of the goods without inspection; and inspection is, of course, out of the question. Fancy our consular officers in London actually inspecting all the goods that are shipped daily from that port to the United States. Appraisal without inspection is obviously absurd, but that is just what our consuls are compelled to do. To secure inspection, goods would have to be brought to our consulates and there unpacked, or our consuls would have to stand at the wharves and have the goods unpacked at the time of shipment. It is obvious that either course would be impossible. The simple fact is that no consul does know the values which he pretends to certify, and no consul ever can—however well qualified he may be and however anxious to perform his whole duty. The certificate of the consul being valueless, it is difficult to perceive any justification for this elaborate system, the only apparent object of which is to obtain such certificate. If the object of the system is to secure information for our appraisers, such information might just as well be given at the entry and the entire invoice system abolished.

This system has continued so long because Congressmen are unacquainted with the practical working of it, and because the men who know the most about it, our consuls, can hardly be expected to be actively hostile to a system which returns them so many personal fees. A further obstacle to its abolition lies in the fact that our consular service is almost wholly supported by the fees received from invoice certificates. This will be, of course, a very effective argument against the repeal of the law. It rests upon the common and inveterate delusion that whatever the foreigner is compelled to pay for the privilege of trading with us affects the foreigner alone. It is certain that the American consumer ultimately pays these fees, and it is only a question whether we shall support our consular service directly or indirectly. If we must resort to this roundabout and clumsy device for supporting our consuls, we ought at least to eliminate its useless features. If it is simply a system of taxation, the law should be amended to that end. It is not the payment of the fee

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to which the shipper objects, for he is always able to recoup himself for that. It is the annoyance, delay, uncertainty, and wasteful labor which the system occasions. If we are compelled by an overruling necessity to support our consuls by taxing the shipper, we should repeal the present law and compel the shipper to present his ordinary commercial invoice or bill of lading for the counter signature and seal of our consular officer and pay the present fee. It would be a vastly foolish method of taxation, it is true, but it would be simple and rational compared with our present system, and would relieve foreign shippers and our consuls of a well-nigh intolerable burden. Let the declaration of value and cost be made at the time of entry by the agent of the shipper, or the purchaser, as is done in other countries. Require our consuls to make frequent reports to the various collectors of the current prices of the goods commonly shipped to the United States from their respective districts. By such a system our tariff laws would be administered with the least possible hindrance to trade, and our consuls would be of real assistance to the appraising officers.

Whatever may be said in defence of the present system so far as it applies to goods upon which there is an ad valorem duty, there certainly is not a shadow of a justification for its continuance in the case of goods duty free and those upon which there is a specific duty. It seems very like malice for our Government to impose on the foreign shipper the burdensome task of making an itemized statement of cost in the case of such goods, for here the question of value or cost is obviously irrelevant.

THE WAR DANGER IN 1892.

In support of the theory that we do not want a navy for defence only, Capt. Mahan asserted at the dinner of the Quill Club on May 9 that, "fifteen months ago, the danger of war was so imminent that had the United States Government betrayed any weakness of purpose, had it reflected with less firmness than it did the unquestionable determination of the country to exact reparation, we should have drifted into war." He added:

> "The most dangerous element in the situation then was that part of our press which suggested the erroneous idea that the country was prepared to trifle with its right to reparation; just as the greatest snare to the politicians of the French Revolution and the greatest promoter of that war were the utterances of the revolutionary societies of Great Britain, which encouraged the French belief that the British Government had not its people at its back."

This illustration explanatory of the way in which the French Republic was led to declare war against England is so fanciful that it deprives Capt. Mahan's charge against our press in connection with the Chilian trouble of all its force. If the American press had no more to do with the danger of a war with Chili in 1892 than the "revolutionary societies" had to do with the outbreak of hostilities between Great Britain and France in 1793, it may well indulge in a journalistic smile over Capt. Mahan's impeachment. And we may say, generally, that we believe the theory on which much of Capt. Mahan's advocacy of a great navy is based, that the world contains a great many thrones, principalities, and powers only too ready to insult, revile, trample on, and annoy the United States if they can get a chance to do so with impunity, is the hallucination of an able man who has devoted himself too long and too deeply to a single topic. We believe that the search for a Power, big or little, ready to insult or humiliate the United States, navy or no navy, or for a Power *not* most eager to avoid quarrelling with the United States, would to day be as futile as the search for a Power eager to take Hawaii from us has happily proved to be.

To the naval and military eye in every country, the world is full of national enemies who cannot be too closely watched. The immense armaments of Europe could not be maintained if the army and navy had not won over a large and powerful section of the public to their way of thinking. We will, too, freely admit that great fleets and armies could not be maintained in a state of efficiency if the soldiers and sailors did not believe that war was always imminent, and that they were literally protecting seriously threatened national interests. It is almost as necessary that a soldier or sailor should see a fair prospect of a fight in the near future as that he should welcome the fight when it comes. But woe to the nations which share his martial ardor and bellicose expectations. The history of Rome, France, Sweden, and even England illustrates only too horribly the results of allowing military opinion to get the better of civil opinion in the regulation of foreign relations. The larger the armament grows, the more need there is on the part of statesmen of a cool and critical view of the alarms and enthusiasms of the military men.

Captain Mahan's Chilian illustration will hardly bear examination any better than his French illustration. Is it true that we were saved from war with Chili only by "a remarkable display of firmness" on the part of President Harrison and Mr. Blaine? If it be true, the fact has been ascertained either from the correspondence, which is now in print, or from the circumstances of the Chilian republic in 1891. The danger of war, if any, we presume, arose out of the Valparaiso attack on the sailors of the *Baltimore*. There was another dispute pending at the time touching the Chilian refusal to give a safe conduct to the Balmacedan refugees who had taken refuge in the American Legation, then in charge of Egan, himself an Irish refugee, suddenly converted, with a certain insulting indifference to Chilian dignity, into a United States Minister. But we believe it has never been even suggested that there was any danger of our having to go to war to deliver these gentlemen.

Whatever danger existed arose out of the Valparaiso riot. This occurred on the 16th of October, immediately after the close of a revolutionary war which had thrown the whole administration of the country into wild disorder. On the 28th the Chilian Government, in answer to our complaints, made exactly the answer we should have made to any foreign Government under like circumstances—that the affair was in the hands of their own criminal courts. The investigation by the courts continued till November 11, and, according to the procedure of all Latin countries, was secret, and was protested against as secret and generally untrustworthy by our Government, and Capt. Schley refused to testify in it. On the 20th the testimony of our sailors was secured, but our hostile and contemptuous pressure on the Chilians for something different was continued during the whole period. On December 12 a very violent and improper note, but under strong provocation, is sent to the Chilian Minister in Washington and published everywhere by Señor Matta, a hot-headed journalistic Minister of Foreign Affairs, appointed immediately after the overthrow of Balmaceda. But on December 31 a new ministry comes into office; on January 11, 1892, the new Prime Minister Luco gives Mr. Egan assurances of friendship; on January 12, the refugees are allowed to leave the Legation; on January 18, the new Ministry asks time for consultation touching the way in which the Matta note should be withdrawn; on January 21, Mr. Blaine makes peremptory demand for withdrawal and apology; on January 25, the Matta note is withdrawn, and indemnity offered on account of the *Baltimore* affair; on January 30, Mr. Blaine pronounces this satisfactory.

We have read the correspondence with care. There is not in it one word to warrant the belief that the Chilian Government ever dreamed of armed resistance to any demand our Government might choose to make. What it shows is a newly organized administration standing among the hot ashes of a civil war, trying to preserve some shreds of national dignity in dealing with the attack by a street mob on the sailors of a great Power, and to satisfy an excited and ignorant population that their Government was not eating dirt. The same dispute with a great European Power would unquestionably have lasted a year. With Chili it was over in three months.

If Capt. Mahan knows of anything not contained in the correspondence to warrant the naval threats and preparations which began on our side in October and continued until President Harrison sent in his war message, and to warrant his belief that war was at any time

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"imminent," through the action of the Chilians, he ought to produce it. He will hardly maintain that there was anything in their condition to excite the suspicion of a bellicose disposition. Their finances were in disorder; their ready cash had been sent to England by Balmaceda; they had only one war vessel available, and she was in a dilapidated condition. The army was disorganized and the business of the country prostrated by the civil strife. In fact, there was hardly a feature in the situation wanting to put the stamp of downright wickedness on the attempts made by our Navy and State Departments during those three months to persuade the country that they were dealing with an insolent, recalcitrant, and formidable enemy.

THE SITUATION IN ENGLAND.

THE strugg'e going on in the British House of Commons against the Home-Rule Bill is without parallel in English Parliamentary history, because it is the first attempt by the regular Opposition to defeat a measure by simple obstruction. The passage of measures has before now been impeded by unmeasured talk, but no English party has heretofore attempted deliberately, avowedly, and persistently to use the rules of the House in every possible way to prevent a particular piece of legislation. The objections to this course of conduct were abundantly and luminously set forth by the Conservative voters and press when the Irish resorted to it to block the passage of the Irish Coercion Act in 1887-'88. That the Irish obstruction should have led to the adoption of the "closure," or our "previous question," for the first time by the House of Commons, and that it is this closure which alone gives Gladstone any chance of passing the Home-Rule Bill, illustrates for the hundredth time the way in which the English curses of the Irish come back to roost in England. If the present Ministry were dependent on the old rules of procedure, such determined resistance as the Conservatives are prepared to offer would be fatal to the bill. But with the closure, introduced for the restraint of the Irish, it will probably be passed and sent to the Lords in the month of July. Even in the Committee of the Whole, where everybody speaks as often as he pleases, the closure seems to beat down all opposition, owing to the Chairman's power to put the question, on motion, when he thinks there has been debate enough.

Fortune seems, in fact, to be favoring Mr. Gladstone as she has never favored him before, for the Opposition are making an unusual number of tactical failures. One of their plans, which they prepared with great care, and after numerous consultations with their most expert Parliamentarians, was to move a long list of "instructions" to the Committee of the Whole, proposing to amend the bill in all sorts of ways. Each of these instructions would be the subject of debate and division in the House before going into committee at all, and if they held water they would furnish very effective means of postponement. There were thirteen of them, and they looked very formidable, but the Speaker on seeing them ruled twelve of them "out of order" at one fell swoop. This was, on the whole, the most disheartening check of the session. The value of the debates in committee has been greatly reduced by the concerted Liberal abstention from moving amendments, even the Irish preferring to let the bill pass, with many features unsatisfactory to them, rather than delay its passage in its present shape. Its Ulster opponents, too, besides many English Tories, refuse to move amendments, on the ground that to do so would seem an admission that by some changes the bill might be made acceptable to them, when in reality they are unwilling to accept it in any form. So that, in one way or another, Mr. Gladstone is having an extraordinary run of luck. His opponents are not holding well together, and his own majority, which was expected to go to pieces long before this, seems as compact as ever, and has increased by three or four votes on the Irish question, and by a good many more on nearly all other questions. On all the collateral issues raised, such as the attack on Mr. Morley's use of the pardoning power in Ireland, and on Mr. Bryce's use of the appointing power in the Duchy of Lancaster, the majorities have been a third at least above the normal number.

The excuses for the policy of obstruction, pure and simple, to which the Tories have been resorting are easily rehearsed. The case, it is said, is a desperate one. Gladstone is trying to break up the empire by handing Ireland over to the Catholic malcontents in defiance of the protests of the Protestant inhabitants and of all the "propertied" class, of every denomination, both in England and in Ireland. These Catholic or Celtic malcontents are sure to abuse their power in every way open to them, by attacks on vested interests, failure to protect life and property, jobbery and corruption in the use of the public money and patronage, by religious persecution, and by giving aid and comfort to the enemies of England in time of war. The picture they draw of Ireland under home rule is very much like that of New York under Tammany if there were no State Constitution, and the city were governed by the Board of Aldermen and the Mayor, with Croker as a "discreet mentor." To such a consummation they think all resistance is lawful. Indeed, Mr. Balfour-and other members of the late Cabinet have gone to Ulster and suggested to the Protestants of that province, that, under the circumstances, armed resistance to the law would be justifiable. Others have intimated that the army, if called on to put down such resistance, would be warranted in refusing "to fire on the people." The gravity of this may be estimated from the fact that, under the Coercion Act, large numbers of Irish orators were sent to jail for language which seemed, to removable magistrates, sitting without a jury, likely to instigate other people to commit breaches of the peace. As a matter of fact, soon after Mr. Balfour's visit, the Orange mob in Belfast rose on the Catholics, drove them out of their workshops, wrecked their houses, beat a great many of them severely, and had to be restrained by a powerful force of soldiers and police. In the second place, the Opposition say that the home rule scheme is really the work of Gladstone alone; that it has no genuine popular support even in the Liberal party, but has been forced upon them by Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary and all-dominating personal influence; that if he were out of the way, it would drop out of sight and never be heard of again. Under these circumstances they hold that it is perfectly proper and legitimate to take his great age into account, and resort to any tactics which seem likely to delay action until he has left the scene.

There is no denying that the opposition to the bill is, from one point of view, the most formidable ever offered to an English measure. Roughly speaking, the property-owning and educated class in England and Ireland are arrayed against it, but the arguments they use on the platform and in the press, paradoxical as it sounds, furnish Gladstone with his best excuse for his really heroic attempt. These arguments consist almost exclusively of expressions of hatred and contempt for the character and capacity of the Irish Catholic and Celtic population. We doubt if ever before in modern Europe so much contumely of every description has been publicly poured on a whole race or community as has been poured on the Irish Catholics during the last year. It sounds like a vast recrudescence of seventeenth-century race-hatred and religious bigotry. Every speech and article on the Unionist side has teemed with insults of every description to the Irish.

Here, say the Gladstonians, is where the Irish difficulty lies. These Scotch and English Irish refuse to treat the Catholics as their countrymen, or make any common cause with them, or try to live in any peace or concord with them, and load them with abuse, because for two hundred years they have had English protection and support in reviling them and trampling on them. They have never been obliged to conciliate them, or confer with them, or coöperate with them. And they have had from Englishmen the sympathy begotten by dislike of the Celtic temperament and religion, and a long experience of Irish turbulence and disorder. The result has been to make the condition of Ireland a disgrace not only to the British Empire, but to modern civilization, and to drive a large portion of the British public into a denial or repudiation, for their

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own defence, of the great liberal principles of government of which Great Britain has been for a hundred years the foremost exponent. All other remedies having proved futile, we must now, they say, risky as it may be, try the plan of giving the government of Ireland to the majority of its people, in fact and in form, and thus compel the minority to come to terms with their neighbors, and abandon the melancholy rôle of revilers, the world over, of their own countrymen.

HAWAII AND BRITISH INTERESTS.

LONDON, April 25, 1893.

THE unanimity with which all the leading English journals of every shade of politics have refused to treat the Hawaiian question, from the outbreak of the trouble down to the present time, as a matter of special British concern, is very striking. The promptness with which extreme party journals are wont for party purposes to urge intervention upon a foreign minister, even in very doubtful cases, the heartiness of support which energetic action on the part of a minister usually receives from the press as a whole when British interests are really believed to be at stake, prove that the silence or indifference in the present case is not assumed. In conversation with a good many leading members of Parliament, I have found that there is more than indifference—that there is a very decided objection to anything like British interference in Hawaiian affairs, for the simple reason, in the first place, that there are no great British interests to protect either in the islands themselves or in the surrounding seas. Such as there are were sufficiently safeguarded under the late Hawaiian Administration, and would probably not suffer under any new one. At any rate, it would be soon enough to intervene when they were threatened. That Britain should covet the islands as a naval station is everywhere regarded as absurd. Only the existence of supreme interests leads to the acquisition and fortification of impregnable positions such as Gibraltar, Malta, or Aden, and it is universally recognized that Hawaii can be permanently a source of naval strength to any country only if it has an impregnable port, or, as an alternative, that the nation possessing it should be prepared to hold the surrounding waters against all comers. Considering the slight commercial stake which Britain has in the central Pacific, a policy looking to either of these ends would be based on manifest folly.

There is a secondary and mainly prospective concern which Britain has in the islands, which it may be worth while to analyze. A good deal of interest has been taken in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada of late years in a scheme for a cable across the Pacific. In England, too, its advantages have been discussed as an alternative to the lines which now connect Great Britain with the East and Australasia. Of these latter there are several. Those chiefly used go by way of Gibraltar, Malta, and the Red Sea, or across Europe and Persia. If the communication across Europe were interrupted, the lines now completed around Africa could be used to make connection with the far East from Aden. When an earthquake caused a break some years since at Penang, the line across European Russia and Siberia was used to make connection by way of China and Singapore with Australia. An earthquake break, however, at Banjoewangi, in Java, has more than once isolated Australia and New Zealand for days, and even weeks. As more than £1,000 a day is spent in communicating between these colonies and England, the commercial disadvantage of such a break is considerable. When war between England and Russia seemed imminent, a few years since, a dislocation of the line caused something like a war scare in Australia. A great European war would probably make communication over existing lines difficult.

Considerations such as these have turned some attention to the question of a Pacific cable as a means of maintaining important imperial connections during any period of Continental strife. Mainly, however, it is a matter of commercial convenience, as it is believed that by the new route rates would be much lower than they now are, and it would also be more reliable, as removed from areas of volcanic activity. Annexations of small groups of unimportant islands along the proposed route have been made with a view to the ultimate construction of such a cable. The islands already occupied are believed to be sufficient for the purpose. If it were found advisable to have a station at any of the Sandwich Islands, it is not thought likely that any government in control of them would object, any more than Canada objects to French or American lines being landed on the coasts of Nova Scotia. This telegraphic interest of Britain in the Sandwich Islands is therefore prospective as well as slight. The same may be said of the use of Honolulu as a port of call for the mail steamship line likely to be opened before long between Vancouver and Australia. Any stable and civilized government would give all the security that British interests require beyond that which the presence of a squadron in the Pacific always insures.

While, therefore, from their own point of view, people in England look with comparative unconcern upon the turn which things may take in Hawaii, there has been much speculation among thoughtful men as to the course likely to be adopted by the United States, and as to the results on American policy of annexation, should that be decided upon. It is felt that the American people must now for the first time decide whether they will commit themselves to the government of a dependency inhabited by mixed and alien races. Can a republic rule such dependencies with success and without injury to its own political organization? The experiment would be watched with deep interest here. England has been compelled slowly and painfully to create an elaborate and peculiar machinery for the purpose. In her Asiatic, African, and other tropical possessions she makes use of Viceroys, Residents, Local Commissioners, Councils of State, all intrusted with large powers, and all exercising in varying degrees a benevolent despotism over the races they control. This has apparently been the condition of her success. It is often asserted that even in England the growth of democracy is making the perpetuation of the system impossible. This would be true did the system react directly upon home politics. As a matter of fact it is worked on curiously separate lines, and it is long since the policy pursued in a dependency has decided the fate of a British Government. The system would also, in all probability, have broken down long since but for the existence of a civil service open to competition alone, divorced in all essentials from party politics and party influence, and having what are now very strong traditions of efficiency and integrity. No serious case of jobbery has occurred in any of the great dependencies for a long time, but this is a point which has been gained only by a prolonged and trying process of experience.

Should America undertake the government of dependencies, England has two lessons to teach her as the result of much experiment—the necessity for an absolutely non-political civil service, and the equal necessity of isolating as far as possible the politics of the dependency from that of the home country. The special difficulty of governing Hawaii as a dependency of the English type would lie in the fact that the people have already enjoyed a representative franchise, any curtailment of which would be sure to cause political unrest. On the other hand, should Hawaii be introduced into the Union as a Territory or State, English experience can give no assistance, since in no case has an equally mixed population been admitted to a self-governing British franchise, much less to a full representative share in the national government. In colonies like Mauritius or Jamaica, where, in addition to a considerable and fairly homogeneous white population, there is a large proportion of colored races, a compromise is effected by making the local governing body in part representative, but mainly of Crown appointment. Would American methods of government lend themselves to the adoption of such a device, which under the more elastic British system works fairly well? Looked at from the distance of England, it seems very doubtful. The doubts upon such points would make the attempt to govern Hawaii in case of annexation watched with much curiosity here. Scarcely less interesting would be the question of the attitude of the other small neighboring communities of America if it appears that the country is not unwilling to enter upon a policy of annexation.

A short time ago I had an opportunity of talking over the question with Mr. Bryce. He visited Hawaii in the course of his American travels, and has ever since taken a warm interest in the welfare of the islanders. The impression he had received was that the people were getting along very well under their old form of government, and that the administration was, on the whole, as honest and satisfactory as could be expected; more so, indeed, than in some States with which he was familiar. "I should be sorry to see the Hawaiian Government brought down to the level of San Francisco's political methods," he said. England's policy on the question, as evidenced by the attitude she has so far preserved, he fully approved, and he was strongly of the opinion that the United States also would be wise to interfere as little as possible. "Not that the annexation of a few small islands would seriously interfere with the governmental machinery of the United States—the system is too vast for that; it is the new tendency which would be a matter for regret." If the Queen is found impracticable in working the constitution, then he thought that the substitution of the young Princess Kaiulani, with a capable ministry such as could be found in the islands, backed up by the good-will or friendly patronage of the United States, and, if necessary, England also, might be found a sufficient and satisfactory solution of the present difficulty. Mr. Bryce discussed the question with his customary frankness, insight, and fulness of knowledge, and his opinion clearly was that, in the interests both of the islands and of the United States, a protected and peaceful independence was much better than annexation. His attitude of mind fairly represents that of

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the majority of Englishmen who take the trouble to reflect upon the question. P.

THE SILVER-WEDDING TOURNAMENT.

ROME, April 27, 1893.

THE enthusiasm and appreciation of the Italians for their sovereigns have been manifested by every class during the past week in the rejoicings over the silver wedding of King Humbert and Queen Margaret. That this spontaneous demonstration is well merited is recognized by all who live in Rome and see with what self-abnegation and interest the sovereigns take part in all that touches the public welfare. After all the predictions of financial disaster, and the general discontent following the discreditable disclosures concerning the banks, and the dissatisfaction and want of confidence of all parties in the present Government, it is surprising to see how entirely all these troubles are put aside in the enthusiasm for the *festas*. It is as though the spring, which has been unusually late this year, and has finally come with a profusion of flowers, had touched even men's hearts with her magic wand, turning them from sad to gay, and causing past hardships and future cares to be forgotten in a few days of complete pleasuring.

Since the arrival of the German Emperor a week ago, the streets of Rome have been incessantly crowded from early morning till long after midnight with all sorts and conditions of men. The royal carriages, with their scarlet liveries, have been continually driving to and fro with royal guests. Many foreigners of note are here, too, to take part in the festivities, besides tourists and sightseers from all lands and a few bands of Papal pilgrims. Then there are the suites of the King's royal guests, besides the noble Italians from other cities, representatives and delegates from the provinces; and every train seems to bring a crowd of country people with provisions to hawk about on sale, or bent on amusing themselves as cheaply as may be. These are to be seen in the less attractive cafés or pacing the streets with handbags, prepared to sleep anywhere and to endure anything if only they can see the grand people. There was a hum of many voices everywhere from quite early in the day, and public places were so crowded that the Vatican museums had to be closed; the statues were acquiring a fine polish from being so frequently touched by the indiscreet admirers of ancient art, and the Pope declared himself unable to provide sufficient custodians to protect his possessions. Each day had its round of pleasures for the royal guests: dinners at Court; balls of unprecedented splendor in the historic palaces of the Caetani and the Dorias; garden parties at the Quirinal and at the English Embassy, and a grand military review. To these comparatively only the few were invited, while the expectations of all were centred in the grand historic tournament of the 25th in the grounds of Villa Borghese, in which the Princes of the House of Savoy and all the flower of Italian nobility were to take part, and to see which tickets were sold at prices ranging from three to eighty francs per head—the receipts to go to the funds of a hospital for the orphans of Italian workmen killed at work, to be founded in commemoration of the silver wedding.

Some months ago, when some festivities for the silver wedding were being discussed, this tournament was proposed to the King. His Majesty immediately refused to sanction it, declaring that he did not wish to put his officers to the expense of the necessary costumes; the financial difficulties of the country, moreover, were too grave for public festivals, and he desired that the celebration should be considered a family affair. To this end it was understood that he did not desire any special representatives from European courts; but when it became known that the German Emperor had signified his intention of coming to Rome for the occasion, the King consented to the tournament, with the consequence that all the preparations and rehearsals for it occupied only three weeks, which reflects the more credit on all who took part in it.

The site chosen was the Piazza di Siena in the beautifully wooded park of Villa Borghese, where, in 1883, a former tournament in honor of the marriage of Prince Thomas, Duke of Genoa, with Isabella of Wittelsbach, Duchess of Bavaria, had been given. One could imagine no spot more appropriate for the purpose. It always strikes one as a vast ancient amphitheatre overgrown with turf, for all round the green meadow runs a low box hedge, cutting it off in an oval which forms the arena of an amphitheatre; beyond the hedge is a grassy road, above which rise terraces surrounding it, the whole being enclosed by the most beautiful stone pines and cypress trees on one side and on the other by a grove of bay laurels and ilex oak, through which, when the sun gets low, a flood of light falls aslant, producing a golden haze among the branches, while their picturesque crowns are silhouetted in dark blue against the luminous silver of the evening sky. The box hedge round the arena is divided by columns of solemn cypress trees. Here in early spring the sward is first jewelled by the star anemone and fragrant violets, and one finds on bright Sundays the young students of the schools of divinity, in their purple, blue, or scarlet gowns, enjoying with healthy zest football or other active games rarely seen in Rome. A vast wooden amphitheatre covered with bunting was hastily raised all round the arena, affording (as is reported) space for 20,000 people.

The tournament (or rather carrousel) devised for the occasion represented the four epochs which determined the fortunes of the House of Savoy, transforming the Counts of Moriana into the sovereigns of Italy: (1) the counts from 1027–1410; (2) the dukes from 1410–1720; (3) the kings of Sardinia from 1720–1861; (4) the kings of united Italy. The historical persons representing these epochs were impersonated by the four most eminent princes of the House of Savoy, each commanding two quadrilles composed of thirty-two knights, in costumes of the time, the whole forming two divisions of four quadrilles each. The first group was under the command of the Duke of Aosta, in the costume of Count Umberto I. Biancamano (of the white hands), and was divided into two sections—the first in costumes of the 11th and 12th centuries and the second in those of the 13th and 14th centuries. The second group, headed by the Duke of the Abruzzi, son of Amadeo, ex-King of Spain, as Duke Amadeus VIII. (surnamed the Pacific, and afterwards Pope under the name of Felix V.), and representing the Ducal Court, was also divided into two squadrons and figures: those in the first division were habited in costumes of from 1400 to 1450; the second quadrille in the costumes of 1500. These knights had a marguerite flower as emblem, in memory of the marriage of Margaret of Valois with Emmanuel Philibert in the sixteenth century. Nineteen arquebusiers completed this group. The third group, commanded by the Count of Turin, as King Amadeus of Sardinia, had costumes of 1700–1710 and 1710–1750; while the fourth was headed by the Prince of Naples, and, as it would not have been desirable for him to represent King Victor Emmanuel, so well known and remembered by many present, he assumed the dress and character of the Grand Master of the Supreme Order of the Santissima Annunziata—white satin under-jerkin, with hose of gold and white, and a magnificent crimson velvet cloak with a deep embroidery of gold covering his shoulders and falling over his horse at the back, a hat covered with jewels and white plumes, and long yellow locks falling around his face.

In the first division of this section was the captain of the tournament, surrounded by his knights, preceded by two Roman standard-bearers—one having the wolf for effigy, the other the Roman eagle—and four lictors, followed by one hundred standard-bearers in mediæval costume, twenty-five in white, and the same number in red, blue, and green, bearing the standards of one hundred cities of Italy. Between the two detachments of these were four target-bearers on horseback. The first target had the date of the King and Queen's marriage, the second that of the silver wedding, the third the memorable motto of Humbert, "Rome the Intangible," the fourth Queen Margaret's motto, "Sempre avanti Savoia" (Savoy always to the fore). The seventh quadrille was composed of thirty-two gentlemen-in-waiting on the Queen in the present-day uniform of blue, with a bunch of marguerites at their breast, and after the standard of Savoy followed another blue one, with silver stars, in memory of an old banner of the order under Emmanuel Philibert; then came thirty-two knights of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus of the time of Emmanuel Philibert; and lastly another detachment of thirty-two knights in red, in the present costume of the gentlemen-in-waiting on the King, with the royal arms embroidered on their breasts. Twenty-five grooms-in-waiting closed the procession. Each of the four princes had five young pages dressed in white satin costumes, one of each group bearing on cushions of various colors the four crowns of the House of Savoy—the crown of the counts on a white cushion, the ducal crown on a red one, the regal crown on a green, and the iron crown of Italy on an azure cushion.

The tournament had been announced for four o'clock, but already at half-past three the vast amphitheatre was crowded with people, and we were amused at the usual Italian want of attention to details in the management of the seats. We noticed that the diplomatic corps had to creep under a cord to get to the enclosure reserved for them under the royal box; and when we had, by our own intelligence, found our numbered stalls, we felt thankful that we had had but few difficulties to surmount and had met with few officials to prevent us from reaching our destination. The ladies around were very gayly dressed in the newest spring fashions. The new shot silks and velvets abounded, and the wearers looked like humming-birds in the sun. The young girls had fresh gauzy toilets and feathers of every hue; bonnets of every description were displayed, some made of flowers, others of gold and jewels; and parasols of infinite variety and novelty looked like flowers in the distance. A flourish of trumpets and the national anthem announced the coming of the royal guests. The German hymn sounded as the King and the German Emperor arrived on the field and drove round the enclosure, bowing graciously to the applauding crowd. They were

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in full officers' uniform, as at the review on the preceding day. The Queen and Empress followed immediately, both dressed in white and pink. Then came Maria Pia, Queen of Portugal, with the Duchess of Genoa, the Queen's mother, and the Princess Letizia. There were some presentations to the Emperor and Empress before they were all seated with their ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and then a deputation from the Knights of the Tournament waited on the King and Queen to present their wishes to their Majesties, expressed on a richly illuminated vellum. Count Michelozzi, chief of a quadrille, read the address and received the thanks of their Majesties.

Then the trumpets sounded, and a company of five heralds at arms, clad in blue, appeared before the royal box, attended by eight trumpeters and twelve halberdiers. The Herald-in-Chief, in a loud, rough voice, demanded the field, which, having been granted to him by a sign from the royal tribune, his companions departed to carry the news in four different directions, and the tournament was declared begun. The groups coming into the field in procession, headed by their chiefs, after riding round the arena, entered it, and, after saluting the royal box, ranged themselves before it. The princes, heading their knights with their five pages before them, seemed in excellent spirits, and were evidently enjoying the masquerading, especially the Duke of Aosta, who looked like the knight Lohengrin in his silver helmet with waving white plumes, his silver mail flashing in the sun, and his full long white-satin cloak, which fell behind over his horse. The young pages of each division carried flowers to the Queen, and then grouped themselves in front on the steps of the tribune. The Prince of Naples, with his attendant knights, rode out of the arena, placing himself to the right of the sovereigns, to receive the orders of the Empress of Germany; the other princes were also stationed at different points outside the low hedge of box, and only the horsemen who were to take part in the first evolutions occupied the arena. Eighty horsemen in all took part in the first evolutions, threading in and out and performing figures more like the lancers than like quadrilles. It had a splendid effect. The brilliant colored costumes and flashing steel of helmets and lances in the bright sunshine, and the evident enjoyment of the riders, made it delightful to watch them. The horses were all very fresh, and those which were hooded in the mediæval way seemed restive, yet we never noticed a hitch in the evolutions, with which the Emperor of Germany seems to have been well pleased. The Italian officers, though good riders, do not hold themselves as erect in the saddle as the English; they rather stoop forward, which has a more slovenly appearance.

The companies or quadrilles succeeded each other in the field, and towards the end they all came on together and formed a gigantic cross of Savoy, eliciting shouts of enthusiasm. The Princes also were included in this last movement. Then the royal anthem again sounded, and the knights all rode away, after saluting their Majesties as they passed. The carriages then drove up and the royalties departed in the order in which they had arrived. The four Princes rode on either side of the carriages of the King and German Emperor, the Queen and the Empress, and the whole tournament cortège followed from the Porta del Popolo to the Quirinal between two solid walls of human beings lining either side of the Corso. The remainder of the royal carriages fell into the procession where and as they could, for it was a general *sauve qui peut* after the royalties had departed, and a curious mixture of modern and ancient costumes rushing through the glades of Villa Borghese in clouds of dust in order to get away. There was no rough pushing, and no accidents even in the crowd along the street, and those who had waited patiently had an excellent view of their Majesties and all the royal guests without having to pay for it. Some complained that the evolutions were too monotonous and wearisome, but those who love good horsemanship were delighted with them. Queen Margaret and the Emperor were chatting gayly all the while; the King, always rather silent, contented himself with looking on, and the Empress, too, watched the tournament all the time, while the Queen's ladies stood up every now and then in order to follow better their relatives riding in the arena. There were in all nearly seven hundred riders in the field, who, in the most striking costumes of bright color, on fine horses in gorgeous trappings, made a splendid sight among the pine trees, under a bright blue sky. A practical English lady remarked that it was altogether satisfactory, all being real from the princes to the costumes and background; while a sentimental Italian of the old régime was deploring that the nation should have fallen to the point that princes of the royal blood should play the mountebank for the diversion of the populace.

The King and Queen have generously subscribed 500,000 francs for the proposed asylum, and there is some talk of the costumes being sent to Chicago, though one can hardly imagine they could be of much use there; but an idea prevails here that there is room at Chicago for everything not needed in the Old World.

S. S.

BARANTE'S MEMOIRS.

PARIS, April 27, 1893.

I GAVE an account, at the time of their publication, of volumes i. and ii. of the 'Souvenirs' of M. de Barante. The third volume has just appeared. It extends from 1822 to 1830—quiet and almost uneventful years if you look only on the surface of things; very important if you remember that it was during those years that the Revolution of 1830 was prepared—a revolution which has left almost as deep a trace on French history as the Revolution of 1789.

This third volume consists entirely of letters, and in so far it has not the interest of the first two, which are real historical memoirs and have at times the true tone of history. With the letters we are obliged to reconstruct history, and we can do so only in a fragmentary manner. Each correspondent gives only abrupt impressions of facts which often have no relation to each other. To be sure, these correspondents are not ordinary people: they all live in an intellectual atmosphere, they all have general interests, they have passions which are not commonplace. Their names will show at once that their letters can be read with profit: M. Guizot, M. de Rémusat, Count Molé, Royer-Collard, Benjamin Constant, Gen. Foy, Duke Decazes, Talleyrand, Count Saint-Aulaire, Villemain, Chateaubriand, Salvandy, etc. The first two were the most faithful correspondents, and their letters are very characteristic. Guizot's are always dogmatic, a little pedantic at times, impersonal, abstract, optimistic; Rémusat shows his fluid nature, clever, witty, slightly sceptical, very elastic. Three ladies play an important part in the volume. One is Madame Anisson du Perron, who died only a few years ago, and who preserved her faculties to the very last. She was the very personification of the cultured Frenchwoman; she read everything worth reading, had a salon open only to intimate friends, was interested in politics without being a partisan; she kept alive her intelligent curiosity to the last, was friendly to young people, full of delicacy and grace. It was considered a great honor to be admitted to her circle.

The two other female correspondents of M. de Barante were the Duchesse de Dino and the Duchesse de Broglie. The letters of the Duchesse de Broglie are to me the most interesting in the volume. I do not wonder, in reading them, that she was the idol of her generation, and that her memory has been preserved with affection and respect by those (there are few of them now) who knew her personally. With the most unblemished character, Albertine de Staël had something in her of the genius of her mother: the Darwinian theory of heredity would hold good with regard to her. Her intellectual faculties were truly remarkable; she had an original mind, an independent intellect; she took a passionate interest in all the great political questions agitated in her time; she was a true liberal, in the best sense of the word—no great and noble cause left her indifferent. But her liberalism did not take its source in Voltaire or Rousseau; she was a Christian liberal, an ardent Protestant, almost methodistical in her views, admitting no earthly authority between herself and the Gospel. She had the spirit of a missionary, and it is touching to hear her preach religion to Barante, quoting passages from the Bible showing how the Christian faith can vitalize all modern ideas. She had in herself the stuff of the great Protestant ladies of the sixteenth century. How different she appears in these letters from the statesmen and political personages among whom she lived, how different even from Guizot, though Guizot was himself a Protestant! There is nothing in her of the doctrinaire (such was the name given to Royer-Collard and his followers, who considered politics almost an abstract science). Her liberalism is more active, more impulsive, more independent.

The Duchesse de Dino was a Princess of Courland. She was only fifteen years old when she was married to a nephew of Talleyrand, who had made her acquaintance at Erfurt. She became one of the ladies of the Empress Marie Louise. She had so completely ingratiated herself with Talleyrand that she kept house for him at Vienna during the famous Congress. When Talleyrand exchanged the principality of Benevento for the Duchy of Dino, he abandoned the title to his nephew Périgord. The Duchesse de Dino (for such was her name) kept Talleyrand's salon throughout the Restoration, and she afterwards stayed with him in London during his embassy, which followed the Revolution of 1830. She was identified with Talleyrand, and her devotion to the great statesman gives a peculiar interest to all her letters. I confess, however, having read with much more pleasure those of the Duchesse de Broglie, as they form more of a whole, and leave on the mind the impression of a less artificial person. The Duchesse de Broglie was essentially natural; she was a character, and a very noble character.

The letters observe a chronological order. It is to be regretted that there is no table of contents, as it is difficult to follow the sequence of the letters of the same correspondent. It is a little fatiguing to go constantly from one to the other. We have also the let-

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ters of M. de Barante himself to his various correspondents; and, mixed up with the letters, there are occasionally a few pages by M. de Barante on various subjects. I have noted one more important than the others—it is, "The Duke of Orleans during the Restoration." There was no question of Orleanists, and truly no faction could under the Restoration have assumed that name. The Duke of Orleans managed his situation with the prudence and the patience which were at the bottom of his character. He showed himself respectful, loyal to the King, without disavowing anything of his past life, without renouncing the opinions which he had professed. The following is the most curious passage in this short essay:

"A sentiment which he little concealed when you had entered into his confidence was his detachment from (*éloignement*), I might almost say his hereditary hatred of, the elder branch. He looked upon the House of Orleans as having for a hundred years had continual grievances against the royal house, and sometimes he told the whole story of these grievances, always with propriety and with a certain restraint, speaking of it all as of historical facts. He never spoke directly of his father, but it was evident that he attributed the first cause of the horrible policy followed by Philippe Égalité to the injustice and the persecutions of the Court. His mind had conceived the idea of a sort of fatality which, without excusing the crime, explained it in a certain way.

"He received with attentions (and he did not conceal it) the members of the Opposition and the discontented generals. He had with some of them rather intimate relations, but they were not secret and could compromise neither them nor himself. General Gérard, General Foy, M. Stanislas de Girardin, M. Guizot, the Duc de Broglie—later M. Laffitte and M. Périer—were those with whom he had a sort of *liaison*, but separately with each of them. . . . At the same time he would have been very sorry if the French aristocracy, if the court nobility, had not come to the receptions at the Palais-Royal. . . . Thus posted, he waited, without any impatience, without any ardor, contented with his situation, his wealth, his very moral family life. . . .

"In his intimate circle he blamed rather openly the faults of the Government and of the royalist party, and he added sometimes: 'They will not be reasonable, they will bring on misfortune. As for myself, I am resolved on one thing only: I will not emigrate.' Once, in the course of a promenade at Randan [an estate belonging to Mme. Adelaide, the sister of Louis Philippe, situated in Auvergne, not far from Barante], two or three years before the Revolution of July, 'Well, sir,' said I, 'you will be our King.' 'Don't let us talk of that,' said he, 'but I will not emigrate.' '*Émigré* or King,' said I; 'there is no middle course.' 'Who knows if there will still be kings in fifty years?' said he with a laugh, to finish the conversation."

The parliamentary incidents which filled the last eight years of the Restoration have lost, it must be confessed, much of their interest for us. Barante and his correspondents were much engrossed with them. Every Parisian knows the Trocadéro, the slope of the valley of the Seine, which faces the Eiffel Tower; but are there many Parisians who know the origin of this name "Trocadéro," the history of the expedition in Spain made by a French army headed by the Duc d'Angoulême? How singular is the irony of destiny! Where Napoleon's marshals and Napoleon himself had failed, the Duc d'Angoulême succeeded. The French expedition made against the Spanish Constitutionalists and in favor of the King was almost a promenade. Times had changed: Napoleon had fatigued Europe with war; the Holy Alliance had for a time curbed all revolutionary passions.

The French Liberals represented all that was legitimate in the ideas of the Revolution; they kept up the struggle against the pure royalists, but they had moments of great discouragement. They felt that a political change was coming, but they did not know if they should live long enough to see it. The change came; the discontent caused by the blind policy of Charles X. culminated in a revolution. When it took place, M. de Barante was at his château of Barante; the most of his letters are dated from this place, where he gave himself up to his literary work. As soon as he heard the news of the effect produced by the famous *ordonnances* of July, 1830, he started for Paris. On his way, between Clermont and Riom, at Saint-Pourçain, at Briare, while he was waiting for his horses, he wrote feverish letters to his wife, telling her what he heard on the way. On the 2d of August we find him in Paris, writing from the Palais-Royal. The Revolution was accomplished.

"I found the great staircase guarded by workmen, who seemed satisfied with having done so well and at being so well treated. . . . M. de Broglie, M. Guizot, and others are in council. The Duc d'Orléans comes and goes, enters the room, leaves it, receiving the new comers; the princesses are good, amiable, and little embarrassed. That I was well received you can imagine. . . . M. Cousin is here in this drawing-room, writing letters; he wants me to be Minister of Public Instruction."

M. de Barante had no doubt from the first moment that the reign of the elder branch of the Bourbons had come to an end. "We must come as soon as possible to the royalty of the Duc d'Orléans, and make changes in the Constitution. There can be no question of the Duc de Bordeaux; the least hesitation on this point would set Paris in a blaze." The letters written in these feverish hours are very graphic; they place us *in mediis rebus*. The volume ends with them. Barante was sent as Minister of France to Turin; he had been thought of a moment for London, but the presence of Talleyrand was deemed necessary in England, on account of the revolution in Belgium and of the consequences which it might have in Europe.

Correspondence.

THE GEARY ACT IN CALIFORNIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The time for facing the Geary Act is here, and there are signs of a revolt among the middle-class Americans, who have always said among themselves that the law was both foolish and unjust, but who have had no newspaper organs and no leaders. There is no doubt, here at least, that the sentiment of the landowners of California has been steadily misrepresented. Very few landowners wish to see the forcible removal of thousands of useful laborers, many of whom have made investments which they would lose. So positive is the undercurrent of sympathy with the Chinese in this matter, and so strong the hope that the law may be declared unconstitutional, that I should not be surprised to see the farmers and fruit-growers holding public meetings on the subject before the end of the month.

Concerning the law and the views taken of it by the Chinese themselves, there is no doubt at all that they understand it to the remotest corner of the State. It has been represented to them, so far as I can gather, as a law which requires more of them than ever before, and which treats them all as criminals who have to be registered as if they were convicts out on ticket-of-leave. It touches their national pride, which is in many respects very strong and dignified. "Why not Japan man, too?" said an intelligent Chinese vegetable gardener to me lately. "Japan man, Kanaka man, lots of men come here. No paper. All same bad man run away, only poor Chinaman—heap kick him."

The fruit-grower takes a practical view of the matter. He does not wish to lose his patient, efficient helpers, who have been with him in many cases for ten or fifteen years. As long as it was thought that the Chinese would submit meekly to another kick, the fruit-grower did not care; but if he is to lose this most reliable group of laborers, in special lines, he will know the reason why, and by June there is need, great need, for every available fruit-picker. By July there is much more need. The fruit-growers say that it is absurd to speak of the Chinese now in California as a menace in any manner to our institutions. They threaten no industry; they attack no interests here; they are useful peasants, much abused of late, poor fellows! As was said long ago, no one need hire them unless he chooses. Nevertheless, hired they are, and by the very politicians and sensationalists who are now busy in announcing that an armed rebellion will take place in Chinatown. I remember that last year a California candidate made the most bitter speeches against the Chinese: "They should be arrested and shipped back," he said. After his defeat I was told that he had employed Chinese for twenty years or more, and had half a hundred on his ranch at the time; he said "they were good enough for him." But that sort of thing has become so common out here that no one takes any notice of it.

One view of the situation was presented to me lately by a house-servant, who stated his desire to visit China again, and said he could get the trip free if he did not register. My suggestion that he might not get back so easily met with the remark: "Melican man change he law putty oft n."

There are a good many Chinese who own land here and still more who have long leases of orchards, gardens, and buildings, that are valuable. In many cases the tracts worked will certainly remain idle, or will rent only at much reduced figures, should the Chinese be shipped away. The landowners are therefore beginning to see that their interests are at stake. It is easy to write flippantly about "rounding-up a few thousand heathens," as one of the local newspapers puts it; but acres of wasting vegetables and ungathered fruit, as well as innumerable hardships and cruelties, will mark the enforcement of the Geary Act. But one can see now that there is a decided reaction against the Jingo policy. It does not seem as amusing and noble a performance for the American people, this blatherskite Geary Act, as it did a few months ago. As the field-hand asked: "Why not Japan man?" And why not the Hindus, the Javanese, the Malays, the Turks, the Samoans, that come to California now and then?

Persistent misrepresentation has been the fate of those Californians who dislike such laws as the Geary Act, and who point out that a civilized nation ought to be able to make laws respecting laborers that have a general and universal application to laborers of all countries alike. If it is desirable to register and label the Chinese, why not every foreigner? And if, on the other hand, it is necessary to get rid of the Chinese in America, why not expel them as Spain drove out the Jews? The country outside of California is beginning to understand the merits of the case, and the re-

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sult can safely be left with Americans, who love fair play. If San Francisco's Chinatown contains High-Binders, they are little worse than some of the frontier Regulators and White Caps. If it is not clean or well governed, it is the fault of the white men, who rule it absolutely, no Chinamen having a vote. The vast majority of the Chinese in California have been and are honest and faithful laborers and tradesmen. If the law is declared constitutional, they say that they will obey it, but the enactment of such a law will long remain a disgrace to the Republic and to those Californians who, though secretly opposed to it, refrained from open discussion of its worst features.

The other day one of the most ardent supporters of the act was heard telling a San Lorenzo currant-grower that it would be "easy to get laborers to gather his crop as soon as the —— Chinamen were out of the State."

"Where from?" asked the currant-grower, and I saw a cherry-raiser listening carefully.

"Out of the city: boys, at half the wages of the Chinamen."

"Why don't they come now?" was the very natural question. "I tell you frankly that if all the Chinamen are gathered up and put in jail, or corralled in Chinatown in June, I shall probably lose six thousand dollars' worth of currants."

"And I," said the listener, "shall lose ten thousand dollars' worth of cherries."

"Nonsense," was the reply of the Gearyite; "you will be better off. Any one can pick cherries."

"No, they cannot. I hire Americans, Chinese, and Portuguese, in different gangs, in my orchard. My men have worked years on the place. Green hands would break off the fruit-spurs and ruin next year's crop."

"Well," said the Gearyite, "you fellows ought to have kicked earlier."

They looked at each other. "So we had," one of them remarked, as we reached Oakland.

There does not seem to me the slightest danger of another anti-Chinese outbreak in California. Such wild talk as has been heard in Tacoma, and the ridiculous Pennoyer incident, have helped sensible people and fair-minded newspapers in the present reaction.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8, 1893.

SICKLES AT GETTYSBURG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to Gen. Walker's comment in the *Nation* on my letter from Gettysburg, I beg to say that I did not intend to take the rôle of a military critic, but the more humble one of a reporter. If there was any bias in what I wrote, it must have been gained from Gen. Walker's 'History of the Second Corps,' or Gen. Doubleday's 'Chancellorsville and Gettysburg,' or both, for these were the only accounts of the battle that I consulted after we returned from our excursion.

The impression I derived from these two works was that the importance of Little Round Top was not recognized on the Union side until Warren, then an engineer officer, ran up there to see what he could see. What Warren saw was a detachment of the enemy massed in a wood in readiness to move on Little Round Top. He took in the situation at once, and, without authority from Meade or from anybody, he brought troops to the top; and none too soon, for he had a hot fight to hold it. This may be learned from Gen. Walker's book (pp. 277–278). On one of those pages we read that Little Round Top had been "strangely neglected ever since Geary, sent thither by Hancock on his first arrival on the field, had been withdrawn to join the Eleventh Corps at Culp's." On the next page we read that but for Warren's "wonderful *coup d'œil*" the Union cause might here have found its grave.

Still more explicit is Doubleday. He says (p. 178):

"This eminence [Little Round Top] should have been the first point held and fortified by us early in the day, as it was the key of the field, but no special orders were given concerning it, and nothing but Warren's activity and forethought saved it from falling into the hands of the enemy."

Now, what are we to understand from Gen. Walker's letter in the *Nation*, when he says: "But suppose that some of Sickles's troops, instead of being in the peach orchard, had been on Little Round Top, *where they were intended to be*"? Intended by whom? By those who had "strangely neglected" Little Round Top ever since Geary had been moved away from it? Again: "The very essence of the criticism upon Sickles's action is that he ought to have occupied that hill [Little Round Top] in force, *as Gen. Meade expected him to do*," etc. If that was the very essence of the criticism upon Sickles's action, why did not Gen. Walker say so when he was criticising that action in his book, so that civilians like myself would not have fallen into error? I fail to find in it any suggestion that Meade expected Sickles to occupy Little Round Top, or that Sickles ought to have occupied it.

The idea which I gathered from personal observation and from conversation at Gettysburg was that the importance of Little Round Top was much more apparent to an observer from Longstreet's position than from any point in the Union line—this by reason of the "lay of the land."

I am not concerned to defend Sickles, but I find a few words in Doubleday (p. 178) which are worth quoting, since they confirm in rather a striking way what Longstreet said to me:

"It is claimed that unless Sickles had taken up this advanced position Hood's division would have turned our left, have forced us from the shelter of the ridge, and probably have intervened between us and Washington. The movement, disastrous in some respects, was propitious as regards the general results, for the enemy had wasted all their strength and valor in gaining the Emmettsburg road, which, after all, was of no particular benefit to them."

H. W.

MORE LIGHT ON THE WASHINGTON ANCESTRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the April number of the "William and Mary College Historical Papers," Mr. W. G. Stanard contributes extracts from the Westmoreland (Va.) Records which are of historical importance.

John Washington, the immigrant, in a deposition made in 1674, testifies that he is forty-five years old, and from this we learn that he was born in 1629, a fact not hitherto known. Another deposition shows that a Capt. Edward Prescott of Virginia was in 1654 interested in a vessel trading to Barbados. In the *New England Historical Register* for October, 1884, there is a letter of Theodore Pargiter, dated London, August 2, 1654, in which he mentions that his cousin John Washington was at Barbados, and that there is money in his hands to pay the freight of servants to John Washington "in case his friends have any to send him." Turning to Stanard's extracts, we find in 1655 John Washington Major in Westmoreland County, Va., militia, and Nathaniel Pope Lieutenant-Colonel. Is he the John Washington the year before in Barbados?

John Washington's mother died at Tring, England, in January, 1654–55, and he was made administrator. A deposition given by Stanard mentions that in 1656 Capt. Edward Prescott wrote to Washington to join him at Dantsic on the Vistula, a port where he was with a ship. The request was acceded to and the ship visited several ports for trade, and then left Elsinore, the Danish port north of Copenhagen; and the Westmoreland records mention that Washington did assist Prescott "as second man in sayling y^e^ Vessel to Virginia," which arrived there some time before May, 1657. Washington now determined to settle himself in Virginia. In 1658 he went to England, and in September, 1659, was preparing for the baptism of a young son. Some time before May of this year, Washington had married the widow Ann Brodhurst, the daughter of Col. Nathaniel Pope of Appomattox (abbreviated Mattox) in Westmoreland County, Va., a planter who was with Washington in 1654, an officer in the county military organization.

Nathaniel and Francis Pope were among the earliest planters of Maryland, and Nathaniel was present in the first legislative assemblies. The latter was charged in 1647 with being unfriendly to the Government of Maryland, and of enticing people to go and live at Appomattox on the Virginia shore of the Potomac. After Nathaniel identified himself with Virginia, Francis became the Sheriff of Charles County, Md., and, what is noteworthy, in June, 1663, he received a patent for the land on which the Capitol at Washington stands.

A few words as to John Washington's brother Lawrence. He did not come to Virginia for several years after 1654. Until the close of 1660, he was a merchant at Luton, County Bedford, England; but the writer cannot tell when he arrived in America.

EDWARD D. NEILL.

SAINT PAUL, MINN., May 4, 1893.

OUR GRANDEST MOUNTAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your Seattle correspondent argues that the attempt to call the most magnificent and picturesque mountain in the United States Tacoma instead of Rainier is simply an outcome of the desire of "real-estate boomers" in Tacoma to get a "cheap advertisement" for their city. This is not true. There are in this country thousands of persons who prefer "Tacoma" to "Rainier" without having any more interest in the city of Tacoma than in the city of Tobolsk. I am one of them, and I wish to give here a few reasons why I think it would be a shame not to call our grandest mountain Tacoma instead of Rainier.

The argument for the name Rainier is summed up in the two assertions that it has been in use on the Pacific Coast for nearly a century, and that it was given to the mountain by its discoverer, Capt. Vancouver. Both of these assertions are perfectly true, but they do not prove anything whatever. The first relates to a question of usage and precedence, and therefore falls to the ground if it can be shown that the name of Tacoma was in use centuries be-

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fore Vancouver "discovered" the mountain; and this has been shown conclusively by the Tacoma Academy of Sciences (see 'Proceedings,' February 6, 1893). The Indians of Washington use the name Tacobet, Takeman, or Tahoma for this peak; names which, by a slight and acceptable alteration in the direction of euphony, have been changed to Tacoma. The meaning of the Indian words is variously given by different tribes as 'a white mountain,' 'flowing breasts,' or 'a rumbling sound,' all of which call attention to some aspect or function of the mountain.

Instead of this musical and appropriate old Indian name, in use centuries before Vancouver "discovered" the peak, we are asked to call it "Rainier" because that English navigator, in 1792, suddenly came in sight of a number of snow peaks, which, with true British contempt for aboriginal rights or usages, he proceeded to name after his friends at home and even members of his crew!* Thus it came about that the grandest snow peak in the United States received the name of an unknown Englishman who is not mentioned in biographic dictionaries, and who—to cap the climax—never even saw this mountain or touched American ground. Vancouver, again, was not even the "discoverer" of Mt. Tacoma in the ordinary sense of the word. The Puget Sound region had been visited by Spaniards two years before him, and he therefore had no right to arrogate even the usual "discoverer's rights."

Let us retain Mounts Hood, Baker, and St. Helen's for Vancouver's sake; let us even retain that ugly name of Puget Sound; but for the king of American mountains we must and will have an American name. In reality, it is useless to get excited or quarrel about this matter. The American people will surely right it ultimately. Some years ago an attempt was made to impose the name of a Governor of California on the most picturesque of American lakes. To this day packages are sent to "Lake Bigler"; but to most Californians, and to all tourists, that lake is now known, and always will be known, as Lake Tahoe. And so, too, will it be with Mount Tacoma.

Respectfully, HENRY T. FINCK.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1893.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to call the attention of the inquirers into the origin of the national motto to the concluding words of chapter viii., book 4, of the 'Confessions' of St. Augustine, which come much nearer to the phrase as we have it than the "color est e pluribus unus" of the 'Moretum.' They refer to the union of minds in friendship, which is said "ex pluribus unum facere."—Yours respectfully, S.

BOSTON.

[The question as put in the *Nation* (No. 1447, March 23, 1893) did not pertain to the origin but to the Latinity of *e pluribus unum*, and that is conclusively settled by the *color est e pluribus unus* of the 'Moretum.' As to the form, each of the two quotations has one letter awry. As to the origin, every scholar who has had to hunt for a motto will vote for the 'Moretum' tag, though, of course, it is perfectly possible that some pious father of the Republic may have been exceptionally familiar with the noble chapter of the 'Confessions' to which our correspondent refers. "Dissentire interdum sine odio, tamquam ipse homo secum, atque ipsa rarissima dissensione condire consensiones plurimas" is rather too long for a motto, but might well arrest a statesman's eye.—ED. NATION.]

* Mt. Baker was named after one of Vancouver's sailors named Baker, who first saw it.

TWO SLIPS BY LOWELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There has just been an amusing correspondence in the *Critic* about Lowell's mistake, in "A Fable for Critics," in making Mary Clausum the sweetheart of Grotius instead of Selden. Possibly he made it on purpose for the sake of the rhyme with "ferocious."

I have noticed a similar slip of memory where he speaks of the correct pronunciation of the poet Cowper's name. He says, in a note:

"To demonstrate quickly and easily how perversely absurd 'tis to sound this name *Cowper*,
As people in general call him named *super*,
I just add that he rhymes it himself with horse-trooper."

What Lowell had in mind, I suppose, was the following answer that appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* to the well-known riddle by Cowper, "I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold, etc.," which had been printed there:

ANSWER.

"A riddle by Cowper
Made me swear like a trooper;
But my anger, alas! was in vain;
For remembering the bliss
Of beauty's soft kiss,
I now long for such riddles again."

H. W. H.

BOSTON, May 13, 1893.

THE CLEFT INFINITIVE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to know what harm it does to sometimes cleave the infinitive. Why abolish synonymous constructions? "Go," "to go," "to —— go"—the pure infinitive, the prepositional infinitive, the cleft infinitive—each may prove useful in its way. One might add the "sunk infinitive," if he wanted to.

It is likely that "to" is not in stable equilibrium as respects spelling, pronunciation, or "placement"; that its history, use, and theory are alike unsettled. To fix it now might be to fix it wrong. Good English—the English of our authorities—may be bad language. Surely something easier to learn, easier to use, and more efficient in use can grow out of our present English. Slang for slang, the literary slang, which some would make universal, is least likely, perhaps least fitted, to become universal. One result of the present craze for teaching this English to everybody may be a conviction that it is easier to change our English than the nerve-cells of those who must use it.

A. I.

THE SWAIN FREE SCHOOL,
NEW BEDFORD, MASS., May 5, 1893.

Notes.

HARPER & BROS. will shortly publish 'The Complaining Millions of Men,' a novel by Edward Fuller of the Providence *Journal*.

One of the last literary acts of the late J. A. Symonds was putting to press a third edition of his 'Introduction to the Study of Dante' (Macmillan), his new preface being dated at Venice, March 21, 1893. He still found errors to correct, without, however, exhausting the list even of those pointed out, and our review of the second edition of the work in 1890 is substantially applicable to the present.

We can also repeat our (wholly favorable) notice of Mr. Ellwanger's useful treatise on 'The Rose,' on occasion of a revised edition (Dodd, Mead & Co.) after an interval of ten years. The same publishers send us a neat three-volume edition of Anthony Trollope's 'Can You Forgive Her?' in wine-colored cloth binding, with gilt edges and with a frontispiece for each volume.

The thirty-fourth volume of Sidney Lee's 'Dictionary of National Biography' (Macmillan) invades the letter M, and gives us Macaulay and his philanthropic father, Zachary Macaulay, from the pen of Leslie Stephen. The ex-editor further enriches this instalment with ten pages on John Locke, in which one misses any reference to Locke's influence on the author of 'Émile'; together with articles on Lockhart and Bulwer Lytton —all pithy and not rarely humorous. Dr. Murray should find helpful the article on McAdam, the pavement inventor, for its citations of literary usage of sundry derivatives from this worthy's name. Other pioneers are Sir Thomas Lodge, Lord Mayor of London, who was one of the first band of slave-trading adventurers, with the sanction of Queen Elizabeth; Sir Thomas Lombe, the introducer to England of silk-throwing machinery, whose mill of 1719 is still in operation; Lionel Lukin, who invented a life-boat; Vincenzo Lunardi, "the first aerial traveller in the English atmosphere"; and William Lovett, the amiable Chartist, who drew up the first petition for the opening of museums on Sunday. The story of Macaulay's £20,000 check from his publishers is retold under the head of the Longmans, who figure here beside Sampson Low. We are reminded that Napoleon's jailer, Sir Hudson Lowe, abolished slavery in St. Helena, and that Robert Lowe abolished imprisonment for debt in New South Wales. Our Pennsylvanian, James Logan, is the most signal American commemorated in the list from Llwyd to Maccartney.

H. B. Clarke's 'Spanish Literature' (London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan) describes itself as an elementary handbook, and as such it is successful in giving a condensed and intelligent account of the great periods and names of Spanish literary history. Reliance upon authorities more than upon first-hand acquaintance with the literature itself is expressly confessed, though the many samples discussed in detail and translated show extensive study of the originals. The short chapter on contemporary literature leaves something to be desired on the score of accuracy, and more, perhaps, on the score of critical judgment, but the book, as a whole, meets its purpose excellently, and will well serve the turn of those who want something shorter and cheaper than Ticknor.

Sir M. E. Grant Duff's 'Ernest Renan' (Macmillan) gives a minimum of personal reminiscence, based upon a warm friendship of thirty years' standing with the Frenchman, and a maximum of elaborate analysis, done with no special competence, of his books. The glimpses afforded of Sainte-Beuve, Littré, Victor Hugo, and other men of light and leading in Paris, are tantalizing, as they encourage hopes which they only disappoint; and of Renan himself we get no really new view, though the loyalty of his friends and his personal charm stand out unmistakably. A few

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good sayings are recorded, such as Mommsen's of Renan, that he was "a savant in spite of his beautiful style." But this was in 1861, and the beautiful style had not yet done its worst.

The Hebrew text of the Book of Job, with notes by Prof. C. Siegfried of Jena, has recently been issued by J. C. Hinrichs of Leipzig. This is the first part of the proposed critical edition of the Old Testament which is being prepared under the editorial direction of Prof. Paul Haupt of the Johns Hopkins University. The whole work is expected to appear in twenty sections. The new edition of the Book of Job consists of fifty-two pages, twenty-seven being devoted to the Hebrew text, which is printed in different colors, illustrating the composite structure of the book. Thus, blue is used to indicate parallel compositions, green denotes supposed polemical interpolations directed against the tendency of the poem, and red shows what are called "correcting interpolations," aimed to make the speeches of Job conform to the spirit of the orthodox doctrine of retribution. It is announced that the arguments for these distinctions will be given in the English translation, which has not yet appeared. In the textual notes, which are translated into English by Prof. R. E. Brünnow of Heidelberg, it is to be regretted for the sake of the reader's eyes that a little larger style of Hebrew type was not used. In several places, too, the characters are not very clearly reproduced. The book is neatly bound in an imitation of leather, and makes a very good appearance. It will no doubt be useful, not only to Old Testament scholars, but also in the class-room, both as a critical analysis of the work in question, and for exercises in reading unpointed Hebrew. The Johns Hopkins Press are the sole American agents.

Park Benjamin's 'Voltaic Cell' (John Wiley & Sons) contains very little that is original with its author. It is essentially a compilation, but as such it deserves a great deal of praise, since it takes up a special branch of the general subject of electricity and gives all, or nearly all, that is really worth knowing or that has a practical value. The author does not profess to offer an exhaustive treatise on any one division of his subject. He has therefore occasionally omitted forms of cell which had at one time great interest, as, for instance, the calorimotor and deflagrator of Hare, giving the name deflagrator to what Hare termed a calorimotor and omitting all account of the former. But these are trifling defects. The work is extremely rich in descriptions of apparatus, usually very brief, but generally quite sufficient. In the case of nearly all the more important or more interesting forms the electro-motive forces are given, when known. The subjects of storage batteries and various minor forms of apparatus receive attention. It would not be difficult to find fault with the work, but, when all has been said, we still have a very painstaking and very useful treatise.

Bedell and Crehore's 'Alternating Currents' (W. I. Johnston Co.) is an elaborate mathematical treatise on the important subject of electric currents which move alternately in opposite or reversed directions. It embraces both the analytical and graphical treatment of the subject, and is a valuable addition to our knowledge. As is often the case with works on mathematical physics, it is much less difficult than would at first appear, and is within the grasp of students having only a fair knowledge of the calculus.

'Sir William Alexander and the Scottish Attempt to Colonize Acadia,' by the Rev. Geo. Patterson, D. D. (the separate issue of a paper published in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada for 1892), is an interesting account of the second chapter of the history of Nova Scotia—the first being the settlements made in 1605 by the Sieur De Monts and, five years later, of De Poutrincourt. This endeavor to found a New Scotland, as the promoters of the enterprise called it, was more important and more nearly successful than some writers have represented it. The charter conferring almost royal powers on Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, over a tract of about 54,000 square miles (comprising Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Province of Quebec south of the St. Lawrence) was granted in 1621, but, from the want of proper inducements to emigrants, who were to lease, not to own, the land, and from the lack of funds, the Scottish nobles opposing the scheme to raise money by the sale of baronetcies in the new country, a settlement was not made till 1628. This was, however, maintained for four years, and had apparently become firmly established, when King Charles surrendered the whole territory to the French, and the colonists were removed and their settlement destroyed. Dr. Patterson lays great stress on the King's duplicity in this transaction, charging him with publicly encouraging the enterprise and affirming his rights to the country when he had secretly promised Louis to abandon it. It may not be impossible, however, to put the matter in a more favorable light for the King. The site of the Scotch village was probably the same as that of the French, on the northern shore of the Annapolis Basin, in the present township of Granville. The accompanying map is taken from a tract by Sir William Alexander, entitled 'An Encouragement to Colonies,' which first appeared in 1624, and again, with a new title, in 1630.

A report on the first annual meeting of the American Association of State Weather Services, held at Rochester last summer, has lately been published by the National Weather Bureau as its seventh bulletin. It contains an abstract of the proceedings of the Association on instrument shelters, forms for records, forecasts of thunderstorms, uniformity in style of publications, etc., all these being matters of practical importance in the studies so advantageously developed under the local services. There is now no way in which isolated observers in any part of the country, whose home duties and circumstances prevent their entering a wider field of investigation, can so effectively contribute to the advancement of science as by maintaining an accurate and intelligent weather record and coöperating with other voluntary observers in the definition of the elements of our climate. By addressing the Weather Bureau, Washington, full information concerning the applicant's State service may be obtained.

Bulletin 8 of the Weather Bureau is on the Climatology of the Cotton Plant, by Prof. P. H. Mell, jr., of Alabama. It considers the climate of the planting, growing, and picking seasons in the cotton belt, with illustrations in several charts of mean and extreme temperatures. A remnant of an obsolescent philosophy appears in the statement that the student of this subject becomes "convinced that an All-wise Husbandman has specially prepared this Southern land for the cultivation of the valuable staple with which the nations of the earth are clothed." Under such a view, the imperfections of the climate, in the form of late or early frosts, or over-heavy rainfall at the wrong time, become glaringly conspicuous.

'The Fossil Fish Remains of the Coal Measures of the British Islands: Part I., Pleuracanthidæ,' by James W. Davis, F.G.S. etc., published in the Scientific Transactions of the Royal Dublin Society, vol. iv. (series 2), is an important quarto monograph of forty-five pages and eighteen plates. With Dr. A. Smith Woodward, Prof. Davis adopts the family Pleuracanthidæ. Two genera are included, Pleuracanthus of Agassiz and Anodontacanthus of Davis. In the former of these, three subgenera are recognized, Diplodus, Lophacanthus, and Compsacanthus, the first of which might well have been given another name, since Diplodus was preoccupied for a recognized genus of recent fishes. From his studies of the scattered spines, teeth, gill-rakers, and other remains the author reduces twelve of the previously described genera to synonyms of Pleuracanthus, and he describes five newly discovered species of that genus.

The publication of all official illustrated publications relating to the departments of fine and liberal arts at the Columbian Exposition having been confided to Geórge Barrie, Philadelphia, this publisher puts out a first edition of 'The Art Gallery.' It contains plans of the building, a brief introduction, and 336 process memoranda from the canvases themselves. These have the merit of a uniform disposition, and in quality exhibit the usual range from good to middling and poor. No numbers are attached, and there is no reference to pavilions or courts. There is, however, an index, in which each artist's pictures are gathered under his name and biographical sketch. Some of the titles are manifestly at fault, others are suspicious: for example, pp. 54, 58, 63, 65.

We have received the first number (for April) of the new series of the quarterly magazine called the *Altruist Interchange*, published in this city at No. 41 East Twenty-first Street. It tells, among other things, of the Columbian Housekeepers' Association and of the Needlework Guild of America, the list of whose local branches, with names of officers, is continued.

A few brief statistics from an English women's college continue to let daylight through the threadbare superstition about the non-mathematical structure of the feminine mind. There are thirty-eight students at Newnham reading for the honors examinations in June, with a choice between six triposes to be read for. Of this number eight have, with malice aforethought (since three years' preparation is required), selected the mathematical tripos. This is as large a number as has selected any one tripos, an equally large number having "gone in" for only one other, the comparatively new "Modern Languages." The remaining twenty-two are distributed as follows: history, seven; classics, seven; natural science, six; moral science, two. Although, however, the devoted eight may help disprove an argument, they cannot as yet obtain a degree from the University of Cambridge, no matter what prodigious feats they may perform in her "exams." They must still content themselves with the glory of seeing their names among the class lists on the Senate House doors, and of being numbered as between or equal to certain "wranglers"—this, although their sex has already stood on a lofty pinnacle "above the senior wrangler."

Prof. L. A. Sherman writes to us from the University of Nebraska: "In your last issue the reviewer of the 'Analytics of Literature' says (last paragraph but one), 'We read that "force in poetry is the enthusiasm of the 'ego' called forth by so near approximation to one of its ideals, as on perception or contemplation of some moral or spiritual excellence."' But

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this 'reading' finds no warrant in the original sentence, which, showing *some* for *so*, is at least grammatical. I take for granted your reviewer will be glad to have his attention called to his misquotation."

—This year's summer term at Oxford began on April 21, at the end of a week the first three days of which were devoted to a gathering of the "Teachers' Guild." This Oxford meeting of a very admirable institution destined to give new life and high aims to the schools of Great Britain was highly successful. Among the discussions, that upon Physiography was especially vigorous and many-sided. The opener was Prince Peter Kropotkin, more widely known, perhaps, as an anarchist or "amorphist" in politics than as a man devoted to science—the geologist of Siberia. He protested against making too much of the study of one's own corner. *Heimathkunde* was a good thing, but only as an episode. The teacher is bound to speak of the wide world even to the little ones. Every boy ought to know maps, to be able to determine the deflection of the compass, and to measure differences of level. He should also make collections of plants and learn to observe the habits of animals. No *Erdkunde*, no physiography, is sound from which man is banished. The speaker appealed to Russian practices which suggested the feasibility of a vast system of coöperation between schools in various parts of Britain. The pupils of London schools might be encouraged to hang their hammocks under the shelter of school-buildings in Yorkshire while they made instructive explorations under the guidance of their teachers. He appealed to the Teachers' Guild for the organization of such schemes. The reform which introduced physiography into schools must be carried further. Not an introduction to the study of nature, but the study of nature itself is required. Physiography has been overburdened in one direction and too much limited in another. Let physics and chemistry shoulder part of the burden and leave physiography to become a study of the globe, including living organisms and man. The means for carrying out this study are (1) good text-books, abstracts from classical books of travel, and the reading of such books; (2) travelling, to be made easy by a federation of schools; (3) experiments, to be insisted upon as quite possible and most interesting; (4) landscape pictures either in colors, like Höltzel's, or in assorted collections of engravings and photographs; (5) special university lectures on *Erdkunde* and increased facilities for exploration and distant travel.

—In his translation of the first six books of the 'Aeneid' into English blank verse (Longmans) Mr. James Rhoades has come near to what he calls "the prime virtue of a translator, namely, absolute fidelity to the original." It is, indeed, almost as close a version as could be made in prose. Here are all the words faithfully rendered, all the thoughts neatly turned, the very order of the phrases (even the inversions) carefully preserved, and all the things which Virgil said most conscientiously set down; but, considered as a whole, it wants what alone makes a long poem readable—it wants what cannot be described, and what nobody has ever yet succeeded in giving to the English verse translation of any one of the ancient epics. "It wants *that*," said Sir Joshua, as he snapped his fingers at the picture. To the classical scholar who reads such a translation, it seems for the first time that Virgil wrote in a foreign tongue. And this latter criticism, the form of which we owe to Mr. Lowell, suggests another of his sayings which Mr. Rhoades would have done well to lay to heart. Fidelity to the original is well, but if translation is intended only for those who have no knowledge of the original (and no translation can be perfectly satisfactory to scholars), "there can be no question that a free reproduction, a transfusion into the moulds of another language, with an absolute deference to its associations, whether of the ear or of the memory, is the true method." Very far is Mr. Rhoades from attaining this ideal. The bonds of the Latin form are on him, and only now and then can he shake them off. We wish he had rested content with what fame he won from his translation of the 'Georgics.'

—It is well known that the text of the Fables of Phædrus was long lost, and that it came to light again only towards the end of the sixteenth century. The learned Pierre Pithou discovered the manuscript at Rheims, and made it the basis of his first printed edition. His text was followed by subsequent editors until the time of M. Berger de Xivrey of the Institute, who examined the manuscript anew for his edition of the fabulist which was brought out by Didot in 1832. This precious and unique manuscript is the property of the Marquis de Rosanbo, a young lieutenant of dragoons, now stationed at Angers. Its date appears to be of the eighth century. M. de Rosanbo has just authorized M. Ulysse Robert, Inspector-General of Libraries and Archives, to copy it with a view to a new edition. M. Robert finds by collation no less than eighty places where the text of M. Berger de Xivrey varies, often seriously, from the original. A definitive text will be published almost at once, and M. Robert will add to this, by way of appendix, a new text, also unique, of the 'Teratologia,' or Wonder-book, which follows the Fables of Phædrus in the manuscript. This last was published by M. Berger in 1836, but in quite as defective form as his edition of the Fables.

—Under the title of 'Antiguedades Mexicanas,' and by way of doing honor to the memory of Columbus, the Mexican Government, last year, issued a superb folio volume of 160 pages, containing lithographs of four hitherto unpublished codices, together with copies of certain sculptured reliefs from Chiapas, and a pictographic representation of a Tlascalan version of the Spanish conquest, all printed in colors. The work, we are told, formed a part of the official contribution to the Madrid Exposition of 1892, and, aside from its importance, historical and otherwise, it is of value as a specimen of lithographic art. Accompanying it is a volume of text, in which Señor Alfred Chavero gives us what purports to be a partial explanation of the different plates. According to him, two of these codices, the Columbian and the Porfirio Diaz, antedate the arrival of the Spaniards. They are painted upon prepared skins, and embody, the former a Mixtecan calendar of rites, and the latter an account of the wanderings and settlement of the Cuicatecs in the province of Oaxaca. The other codices, styled the Baranda and the Dehesa, are also upon skins, but are more recent and of inferior execution. The first of these refers to the expedition of Alvarado to Guatemala; and the second relates the battles, sieges, etc., of a tribe, presumably the Zapotecs, before it finally settled in or near Tehuantepec. The reliefs from Chiapas are more intricate, and the interpretation is correspondingly difficult and, with all due deference be it said, doubtful. Indeed, in this portion of the work Señor Chavero seems to have given a somewhat free rein to his imagination. No doubt, sun and star myths can be made to explain much of the religious symbolism of these people, and it is possible that there may have been more or less resemblance between them and their neighbors in their rites and in the functions of their different divinities; but to suppose that any one of these tribes had reached such a stage of development as to be able to people their pantheon with certain deities, one of whom, among others, presided over "amor puro" and another one over "amor lúbrico," requires a degree of credulity that we do not happen to possess. The distinction savors of the Greek, and indicates a refinement in morals to which the ancient Mexicans, judging from what we know of their manners and customs, had not attained.

—In regard to the Tlascalan version of the conquest, there is not much to be said. It consists of a series of paintings upon linen in which the principal events of that memorable expedition are represented in pictographic fashion. Except in the omission of all notice of the defeat of their own people by the Spaniards, the Tlascalan artists seem to have adhered very closely to the early records; and, of course, the interpretation of the different plates becomes relatively easy to any one familiar with these records, and who, at the same time, has some knowledge of the language of the Nahua tribes and of their method of indicating, pictographically, the names of persons and places. Graphic enough these sketches certainly are, and there is no disputing the sanguinary character of some of them; but, historically speaking, they tell us nothing new, nothing that we had not already been told by the early chroniclers; and while, from an artistic point of view, they are of interest as showing what is probably the high-water mark of native workmanship, yet, considered in themselves and without reference to the development, in other lines, of the people among whom they were produced, they are not of such a character as to give an exalted idea of ancient Mexican art.

—The Japanese, who are beginning to note the flight of time according to Western standards, are this year celebrating the completion of a quarter of a century of their fertilizing contact with the thought of the Western world. It was on the 3d of January, 1868, that the coalition of the daimios and clans favorable to the establishment of the new Government, or, as they termed it, the reinstatement of the Mikado in his ancient power, took possession of the imperial palace in Kioto. Shortly after that, the treaties with foreign Powers were accepted and signed by the Mikado's representatives. Then on the flood-tide of success of the imperial party floated whole argosies of new ideas, canons, and institutions. At first the literary appropriation of Western knowledge by means of an acquaintance with European languages was almost purely utilitarian. For nearly two decades the bulk of new literary work in Japan was in the translation or adaptation of useful books in all departments of science, technology, and the useful arts and inventions. The appreciation of pure literature has come more slowly. Now, however, the men of culture in Japan are rejoicing in the promising outlook for native literature. In evidence of this fact is a magazine on our table, the *Waséda Bungaku*, or the *Waséda*

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Magazine of Literature. It is issued by the Tokyo Polytechnic School, founded by the great Okuma, and located in that district of Tokyo called Waséda. It is a bi-monthly magazine, and printed in the mixed Chinese characters and Japanese *kana*. The issue No. xxxi. gives a rich table of contents, wholly literary. Here are book reviews, notes on the pure literature produced in 1892 and on the tendency of current native literature. The marked popularity which historical studies at the present time enjoy is noticed. And, indeed, many of the best minds of Japan are now applied to the task of rereading and restating the national history. Several flourishing historical magazines are published, historical societies are being formed, and, largely through the stimulus of Mr. Kanéko, Secretary of the House of Peers, the archives of the old feudal, or daimio, families are being replenished and set in order. The literary gossip, notes, and critiques are most interesting, and under the head of "Tides in the Literary Ocean" are a number of new poems. We notice in the catalogue of selected books published during the past year several handbooks of Chinese and Japanese literature, arranged according to the best modern principles. Quite remarkable are the studies of events in the history of the Tokugawa dynasty (1604-1868), a field from which all trespassers were, until 1868, sternly warned off. As we expected when the movement was first started, despite the ability and enthusiasm of the projectors, the journal devoted to the Romanization of the Japanese syllabary has ceased publication, after a sickly career of nearly a decade.

—The same mail from Japan brings us another illustration of the progress of the literary movement in that country. Along with their appreciation of the thought of the West, the Japanese are taking more pride in their own authors, and are making their writings, their personal history, and their faces better known to the people at large. Evidence of this is visible in the broadside pictures of their classic authors, which are sold very cheaply. These sheets are eighteen by twelve inches in size, and are creditable specimens of reproductive art. We find among the first of them the spirited representation of the father of Japanese literature, Sugawara Michazané. Though unfortunate at the close of his life, Michazané illustrated the Japanese proverb, "By casting away your life to enter heaven": in other words, after his death he was deified, and is still worshipped and prayed to by many a schoolboy and girl in the Japan of to-day. On the second sheet is the picture of Rai Sanyo, who in the first half of this nineteenth century wrote that marvellous work of learning and critical research, the 'Nihon Guaishi,' or Feudal History of Japan, which created the political opinions that furnished the men of 1868 and gave them the literary weapons which overthrew the Shogunate. It may be added that the names of these two men, Michazané and Rai Sanyo, representing the ancient and the modern period of Japanese literary culture, are now deeply cut on the western granite façade of the new Boston Public Library. Naturally the Japanese, who give higher honor to their historians, philosophers, and men of learning than to their novelists and dramatists, have pictured these first, and before those whose names, through translations, are better known in our country. Among these great ones, American readers are likely to have heard of the famous Hayashi, one of the many illustrious littérateurs of that name, and predecessor of the Hayashi who made the treaty with Commodore Perry. Another author, whose face is here interestingly reproduced, and who had a close touch with Western thought and life, is Hakuséki, who, in the last century, not only studied Dutch, but also wrote a book on the Western countries and about the Abbé Sidoti, an Italian priest, who at his own request was set ashore in Japan in 1709, where he was arrested and sent to Yedo, and after his death buried in the well-known Kirishitan Zaka (Christian Slope). The Rev. S. R. Brown, D.D., an American missionary, translated Hakuséki's book under the title, 'The Annals of Western Nations.' The famous physician, Sugita Gempaku, who was the founder of the new medical science of Japan, based upon that of the Dutch, a voluminous author, and a man of amazing learning and skill, is easily recognized in the third group, in which the pronounced facial figure, common to all in the group, is the nose, which is notably larger than on the average Japanese face. Dr. Gempaku's life has been written, and his works described quite fully, by Dr. Whitney, of the American Legation in Japan. Closing our list for the present is the picture of Yokoi Héishiro, who sent his nephews, the first Japanese students, to America, and whose son is to-day the editor of the Japanese *Andover Review* of Tokyo. Yokoi was assassinated in Kioto in 1868 because of his proposition not only to elevate the Eta, or pariahs, to citizenship, but to tolerate Christianity.

NEW EDITIONS OF WALTER SCOTT.

The Waverley Novels. Edited by Andrew Lang. International Limited Edition. Vols. I., II. Boston: Estes & Lauriat; New York: Bryan, Taylor & Co.

The Waverley Novels. Dryburgh Edition. Vols. I.-VII. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan.

THE demand for novels and the production of them during the last century have been enormous, but are now greater than ever. Probably there are few more lucrative trades, especially since the passing of the International Copyright Law, than that of a popular-novel writer. The rush into it, accordingly, is great, and, the old love-tale having been pretty well used up, ingenuity is tasked to find new subjects and fresh stimulants. We have sensation novels, detective novels, idyllic novels, moral novels, libidinous novels, theological novels, political novels, social novels, local novels such as those of Miss Murfree, and antiquarian novels such as those of Ebers. Yet of all this multitude that no man can number, Scott remains the king. No imagination has yet appeared so vivid and creative as that which dwelt in the high-peaked head and beamed in the kindly Scottish face, with its shaggy eyebrows and blue eyes recalled to us by the fine etching at the beginning of the new series edited by Mr. Andrew Lang. Some of the later novelists have had a good deal more philosophy, and have analyzed character more profoundly, but they have not written such tales.

The two latest editions of the novels are a tribute to a supremacy somewhat impaired by the lapse of years, but still incontestable. Scott's reputation perhaps feels the ravages of time most in that part of his works which formed the original essay of his genius and first made him the delight of his contemporaries. He probably knew more of the middle ages, as well as felt a more passionate interest in them, than any other man of his time. But a great deal more is known about them now than he knew, and the weaknesses of his representation are apparent. The stucco of his Gothic edifice has crumbled. Even his descriptions of castles and of sieges show that he antedated Viollet-le-Duc. The Knights on guard at Branksome, who "drank the red wine with helmet barred," would scarcely pass muster with the antiquaries of the present day. Moreover, chivalry has been vulgarized by melodrama and the circus, both of which are unpleasantly recalled to our minds as we read his romances of chivalry. Boys may still delight in 'Ivanhoe' and 'The Talisman'; the mature taste can delight in them no more. In the metrical romances we are carried along by the unflagging vigor of the verse, the spirit of the narrative, and the frequent occurrence of passages of high poetical beauty, such as the well-known lines on the Last Minstrel, the description of the camp at Edinburgh, the scene in the Abbey at Holy Isle, the introduction of Margaret in the "Lay," the tolling of the convent bell heard far off by the stag, in "Marmion," the laying of the shepherd's body in Marmion's tomb. Then there are the charming songs. Above all there is the genuine spirit of the soldier in all the battle-pieces and military pictures. If Scott had not been lame, he would very likely have been a general of cavalry. They are right who say that the most Homeric things in English poetry are his battle-pieces. Moreover, verse itself helps the imagination and disarms the critical faculty. But when it comes to reproducing in prose the life, ideas, and language of people separated from the writer by a gulf of seven changeful centuries, the result can hardly be success. What is produced is sentiment and thought really modern under an exaggerative travesty of ancient phraseology and costume. Who can imagine a Saxon patriot in the days of Richard I., if such a character then really existed, delivering himself thus?

"'It may be so,' answered Cedric, 'but I cannot look on that stained lattice without its awakening other reflections than those which concern the passing moment, or its privations. When that window was wrought, my noble friend, our hardy fathers knew not the art of making glass or of staining it. The pride of Wolfganger's father brought an artist from Normandy to adorn his hall with this new species of emblazonment that breaks the golden light of God's blessed day into so many fantastic hues. The foreigner came here poor, beggarly, cringing, and subservient, ready to doff his cap to the meanest native of the household. He returned, pampered and proud, to tell his rapacious countrymen of the wealth and the simplicity of the Saxon nobles—a folly, oh Athelstane, foreboded of old, as well as foreseen, by those descendants of Hengist and his hardy tribes who retained the simplicity of their manners. We made these strangers our bosom friends, our confidential servants; we borrowed their artists and their arts, and despised the honest simplicity and hardihood with which our brave ancestors supported themselves, and we became enervated by Norman arts long ere we fell under Norman arms. Far better was our homely diet, eaten in peace and liberty, than the luxurious dainties the love of which hath delivered us as bondsmen to the foreign conqueror!'"

This is not a solitary instance. It would be difficult to find in the whole tale a reflection, or even three consecutive sentences of any kind, put into mouths of men or women of the time of Richard I., which any one versed in history can think it possible that they should have uttered. The 'Talisman' is to a painful extent melodramatic and hippodromic. Nothing carries an adult reader at the present day through these tales but the liveliness of the action and the genuine sympathy of the

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writer with the age which he is trying to call out of its grave.

The infirmity extends to the other historical novels, 'Quentin Durward,' 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' 'The Abbot,' 'The Monastery,' 'Kenilworth,' 'The Fortunes of Nigel,' 'Peveril of the Peak,' and 'Woodstock,' in a degree lessening as the subject approaches the writer's time. These tales show, it is true, careful study of history and keen historic insight. Their principal characters are painted in the main with historical truth and justice as well as with artistic force. Much knowledge of history may be gathered from them in a pleasant way, notwithstanding the audacious anachronisms of 'Kenilworth' and the still more audacious fabrications of 'Woodstock.' Still, they are more or less desperate efforts to reproduce the unreproducible. In all, recourse is inevitably had to the exaggeration of antique language, fashions, and costume. All savor of the stage or the fancy ball. The euphuism of Sir Piercie Shafton in 'The Monastery' is a palpable travesty; and not less so are the tortuous and unctuous harangues put into the mouth of Cromwell in 'Woodstock.' To a student of history the historical novel altogether is somewhat unpalatable; he always feels that it is a falsification, and the mixture of fact with fiction affects him like a mixture of gaslight with daylight.

It is in the novels of which the subjects belong to Scott's own time, and in which his creative genius has full play over its legitimate field, that unimpaired delight is and will always be found. 'Waverley,' 'The Antiquary,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'St. Ronan's Well,' 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 'Rob Roy,' 'Old Mortality,' 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' can die only with human nature or the English tongue. We include 'Waverley,' 'Old Mortality,' and 'Rob Roy' because the Covenanter and the Jacobite were so near to Scott in the Scotland of his day as to be fairly within the grasp of his imagination. Nor is there any fault to be found with the slight background of pretty recent history in 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' The weakness which has been often pointed out is the general insipidity of the heroes and heroines. The Master of Ravenswood is about the only one of the heroes for whom we much care; and even in his case the interest is rather that of circumstance than of character. Effie Deans touches our hearts, and Di Vernon is charming in her way. But for the most part the heroes and heroines are little more than the figures which set the plot in motion, and about which the other figures revolve. This may be in some measure a legacy from the romance of chivalry, in which the hero could only be a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, and the lady could only be a queen of beauty—both of them colorless, and interesting only on account of the feats of arms which the knight performed for the lady's sake. But it is not easy to throw much character into a number of pairs of figures alike destined to love, to crosses in love, and to an early marriage. Scott himself was quite conscious of the weakness. "I am a bad hand," he said, "at depicting a hero properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of Borderers, Buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description." Elsewhere he says: "My rogue always, in spite of me, turns out my hero." It is of little consequence, however, what the nominal hero or heroine is, so long as Marmion, Dugald Dalgetty, Caleb Balderstone, Dirk Hatteraick, Dominie Sampson, Meg Dods, and the rest of the characters, nominally minor, delight us as they do.

The position which 'Waverley' holds at the head of the list is rather traditional than justified by intrinsic merit. This tale was the first of the series, and it took the world by storm. But it opened what was then a new world of beauty and a new field of romance, the Scotch Highlands and the life of the Highland clans. Before Scott's time, people had spoken of the Highlands with a shudder, as a region of bleak hills, bogs, and mists, amid which wandered breechless savages and thieves. Ossian had done little to expel the idea; in fact, Gibbon cites him in confirmation of it, remarking that on every hypothesis he was a Scotchman. Walter Scott lifted the curtain, and the world was entranced at the sight, not suspecting that, so far as Highland character and life were concerned, the show owed a good deal to the showman. Now, the Highlands swarm with tourists, and at the door of each British tobacconist stands the figure of a Highlander in the full costume, taken to be native, though in its present elegant form it is really the device of a Hanoverian tailor. The first chapters of 'Waverley,' describing the hero's family and education, are heavy. The structure of the plot is by no means on a level with Scott's best. Col. Talbot is too palpable a *deus ex machina;* the pedantic learning of the Baron of Bradwardine, though amusing at first, is overdone, and the characters of Fergus MacIvor and his sister are tinged with melodrama. As to the hero, Scott himself said of him that he was a "sneaking piece of imbecility," and that "if he had married Flora, she would have set him up upon the chimney-piece as [the dwarf] Count Borowlaski's wife used to do with him." He is, in fact, a nonentity.

Scott's style is loose and too often prolix, though there is always a genial glow which makes you kind to the faults. He wrote too much and too fast to write with care and finish. The idea, however, that he extemporized his matter as well as his language is absurd and baseless. He tells us that he gave days to thought and invention. Of 'Marmion,' a great part, he says, was composed on horseback. The looseness and prolixity, of course, increased when he was producing volumes as rapidly as he could to work off his financial embarrassments. A third of the page might sometimes be struck out with advantage to the rest.

Historically, Scott belongs to the era of the Revolution, and his works form a part of the vast literature to which that great stirring of thought and feeling gave birth. But he belongs to the back-stream, not to the cataract. The cataracts of history have their back-streams: that of the Reformation was neo-Catholicism; that of the Revolution was the conservative reaction which showed itself in literature as well as in politics, and makes itself felt in the mature works of Wordsworth and Southey. The Puseyites prized Scott as one who had turned the eyes of men to the past. Ecclesiastical reactionists, however, could hardly claim Scott as a precursor. There was nothing ecclesiastical about him, still less was there anything ascetic. There was even something decidedly anti-ascetic, as the guard-room song in "The Lady of the Lake" shows. He thought a boon companion "worth the whole Bernardine brood." His passion was for the military and social, not the religious, Middle Ages. With him the priest is little more than a chaplain to the knight, pattering a hasty mass while the knight's charger is waiting. His abbots and friars are jovial rather than saintly, and much addicted to the flagon. Even for church architecture he seems to have had no very strong feeling. There is a famous passage on the ruins of Melrose, in his "Lay," but his language about the Cathedral of Kirkwall would have scandalized Pugin or Newman. "The church," he says, "is as well fitted up as could be expected. Much of the old carved oak remains, but with a motley mixture of modern deal pews. All, however, is neat and clean, and does great honor to the Kirk Session, who maintain its decency." An old church was to him a place where warriors were buried. He cared little for Dante; much for Ariosto. Of Roman Catholicism he spoke as of an effeminate and contemptible superstition. This is the more remarkable as he belonged to the Episcopal Church of Scotland, which cherished high Anglican doctrine and ritual in opposition to its Presbyterian foe.

In politics Scott was a strong Tory, had a hand in the literature of his party, and refrained during the greater part of his life from actually mingling in the fray only because his party was securely dominant. When radicalism raised its head and Tory principles were in peril, he came prominently forward, and among the last incidents of his life was his maltreatment by a mob for opposing the Reform Bill. His reverence for monarchy was a religion. He was overwhelmed by his feelings at the coronation of George IV., about as farcical a piece of pageantry as was ever enacted, and he describes the whole performance, especially the embrace of those two particular scamps, George IV. and the Duke of York, as unspeakably solemn and impressive; though as an antiquary and a horseman he could not help observing that the champion was rather too much "assisted," did not display his horsemanship as he might, and, instead of the triangular shield of a knight, carried a round target which he could not possibly have used on horseback. When George IV. visited Scotland, Scott was the rapturous master of ceremonies, and dressed up his obese sovereign in a Highland costume, which he strangely chose to regard as national, though by most of the spectators, as Macaulay says, it would be regarded as the dress of a thief. He begged as a precious relic the glass out of which his health had been drunk by Sacred Majesty in the national whiskey, and put it into his coat pocket, which he carefully held before him. However, soon afterwards he met Crabbe, and in his delight, forgetting what he had in his coat-tail, sat down upon the glass, with consequences which would have been worse had he not, most improperly, worn trews under his kilt. How strong must the artist have been in the man who, when he took up his pen as a novelist could completely lay aside political sentiments so fervid and treat with impartial sympathy Cavalier and Roundhead, Jacobite and Whig High Churchman, Puritan and Dissenter! There is not in Scott's novels a trace of anything polemical or even didactic. Those who like their theology, their politics, and their fiction respectively neat, will prefer to drink of this cup.

The novel-readers of to-day have become so much used to the strange Circean stimulants to which, from the exhaustion of natural and wholesome subjects, novelists are fain to resort, that it is doubtful whether they would be drawn back to Scott by an assurance of his eminent healthiness. Eminently healthy, however, he is. On everything that he writes is impressed the character of a true and noble-hearted gentleman, clean though not fastidious in spirit, as well as so sound in mind that we almost wonder that he should have taken to writing works of imagination, in the authors

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of which there is generally discernible something of mental or moral disturbance, something which has led them to take refuge from the real in the ideal. In his coronation raptures and the homage which he pays to George IV., laughable as they are, there is not a bit of the lackey. He is simply worshipping the embodiments of principles and institutions which he loved; and we are sure that he would have been incapable of saying an ignoble word or doing a base thing to win the personal favor of a whole dynasty of kings. If he speaks with hyperbolical respect of a Duke of Buccleugh, it is not because he cringes to rank, but because the Duke is the chieftain of his clan. So the eagerness to increase his estate, for which Carlyle is inclined to censure him, and which brought an avalanche of misfortune on him in his latter days, is no sordid love of money; it is the desire of realizing his social ideal in a baronial Abbotsford. He was a practical poet and romancer. In adversity his fortitude, his patience, and magnanimity are most noble and touching. Nothing, indeed, in biography is more touching than the diary of his later and darker years. His temper is never soured; it is hardly even ruffled by harsh treatment. When his creditors generally are forbearing, one miserable usurer refuses to show mercy. Scott lets fall an angry word, but at once recalls it, and finds an excuse for the wretch in the rules of the trade.

At the opening of the essay which Carlyle wrote apparently in a mood of reaction against hyperbolical obituaries of Scott, he glances at the question whether Scott was a great man, but at the time puts it by as a mere question about words. Afterwards he takes it up seriously. It is surely less than a question about words. There is no sense in it whatever. Scott was not a great philosopher, statesman, general, or violinist. But he was a great novelist—probably the greatest of them all. "The 'Waverley Novels,'" says Carlyle, "are not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating in any shape. The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkest struggling heart no guidance, the heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice." Their author did not attempt or undertake to furnish men with a theology, a moral philosophy, or a series of homilies for their spiritual guidance and consolation. What he undertook was to set flowing for them a well-spring of pure delight, from which even the "sick heart" may drink, if not "healing," at least forgetfulness of sorrow. This he did, and the well-spring will flow for ever.

Of the two editions named above we have already described the Dryburgh, a popular reprint in the solid style of the best Scottish typography, and illustrated with woodcuts after designs by a fresh artist in the case of each story. There is a large-paper edition which we have not seen. Mr. Lang's edition is, once for all, sumptuous in its apparel, and its forty-eight volumes will be adorned with a large number of character-etchings and of photogravures from nature. Mr. Lang has had the advantage, for his annotations, of access to the MSS. in Scott's library at Abbotsford. The two-volume 'Waverley,' which alone has thus far appeared, contains a general Introduction from his pen.

Annals of an Old Manor House: Sutton Place, Guildford. By Frederic Harrison. Macmillan & Co. 1893.

ONE can hardly believe one's eyes! Can it be that the author of this sumptuous volume is *the* Frederic Harrison? It is not so many years ago since Matthew Arnold, in his mind's eye, saw "that powerful young publicist, in full evening costume, furbishing up a guillotine" in "a certain secluded back-yard." Very few months indeed have passed since Mr. Harrison was to the fore with some very drastic proposals for dealing with the House of Lords if they dared to resist the will of a trifle over one-half of the British people in the matter of home rule. And is this the sort of work he does in his spare moments? One would as soon expect a treatise on Heraldry from Mr. John Burns, or an essay on Knitting from Miss Frances Cobbe.

Yet the combination is, after all, not so incongruous. It is largely because so many of the leaders of reform have had so warm a love for what was beautiful in the past that progress has been possible without any violent break in the continuity of English life. It is the number of such men who are ready to take their part unselfishly in the government of their country which makes it possible to regard that great process of democratization which is now going on in England with an anxiety not unmingled with hope.

But to come to the book. It is a portly volume in Macmillans' best style. Substantial paper, excellent printing, wide margins, dozens of plates from drawings and photographs of the building, architectural plans and details galore, splendid colored pictures of the glass windows, headpieces and tailpieces to adorn the pages—such are its material charms. And as to the contents, while it must be allowed that at least one-quarter is of the nature of a catalogue, and of little interest to any except those who know the house, and that another quarter is almost too technical and detailed to be read by any but practising architects, yet the other half, the narration of family history, is in Mr. Harrison's most lucid and picturesque manner.

Sutton House, he tells us, was built about 1525 by Sir Richard Weston, upon an estate granted to him by Henry VIII. some four years before. Weston was one of those servants of the Tudor sovereigns, of the second or even of the third rank, who never did anything very important, yet amassed wealth and founded families. With grave and formal manners and an impressive exterior, they filled one minor office after another, submissively did all they were ordered, lent themselves to every piece of political make-believe—such as the trial of a queen or a fallen minister—in which they could be useful, and succeeded finally in dying at a ripe old age upon their beds, while the men of genius, independence, consistency, went to the scaffold. "Here is an officer of state who serves the King for thirty-three years, and retains the confidence successively of Warham, Wolsey, More, Cromwell, Southampton, and Russell. . . . He who had obtained his grant under Wolsey, and had adorned his house in honor of Queen Katherine, accepts the new order of things under Cromwell, and procures for his boy a place about the person of Anne Boleyn." It is in vain that Mr. Harrison tells us that he was "trusty." What he was "trusty" to was his own person and pocket. In such men it is quite impossible even for the historical student to take any personal interest. The Tudor monarchy, on the whole, was a necessary thing, and such servants were necessary also, perhaps; but we prefer to think of them in the lump.

Fortunately for the modern writer, however, the career of the family had one tragic episode, and this Mr. Harrison has very effectively handled. Sir Richard had a son, Francis. The young man was a minion of the King, and repeatedly won heavy sums from him at tennis and dice—a mistake which an older courtier, as our author observes, would have sedulously avoided. By his marriage to a rich wife, he became "an illustrious and broad-acred squire," and the world was fair before him when on the 4th of May, 1536, he was arrested on the charge of a criminal intrigue with the queen, Anne, condemned with no evidence worth considering, and on the 17th beheaded. It was on that very day, the 17th of May, that fifteen years before had been executed the Duke of Buckingham, and that Sir Richard Weston had received his reward for the share he had taken, as one of the jury, in the judicial murder, by the grant of Sutton Manor.

This is a conjunction of events startling enough; and the curtain ought then to fall. But perhaps the strangest part of the story has still to come. Mr. Harrison asks us to think "what a wreck and ruin was the old man's life," and to picture him gazing upon his new house with "bitterness and helplessness of heart." But Tudor servants had nerves suited to their time. And this "prudent and most gentle Knight," as a contemporary calls him, continued to accept the favor of the King, to heap office on office, and to "send presents to the royal family when they passed near" his house.

It is this stately house itself that is the other thing that arrests attention to Sir Richard Weston; for it is a very landmark in the history both of manners and of art. "It is, if not the earliest, at least one of the very first extant specimens in England of a mansion-house built wholly as a peaceful dwelling, and entirely without any thought of defence." That this should be possible so soon after the Wars of the Roses, shows how great a change had already been produced by the strong government of the Tudors. And then in its style "it is one of the very few extant complete examples of the Gothic Renascence style of the age of Henry VIII. and Francis I."; a style which is Gothic in structural features, without a single classical element, yet with a symmetry of parts uncongenial to Gothic work and a wealth of Renascence and Italian detail. The remarkable thing about this detail, moreover, is the employment of terracotta. "In this house the terracotta is used, not only with profusion for purposes of ornament, but precisely as stone is used where a building of brick is dressed with stone. Mullions, dripstones, string-courses, turrets, arches, parapets, groins, and finials are all moulded in fine terracotta with delicate designs." A similar use of terracotta is found in a number of other contemporary buildings; but it then "disappeared almost immediately from English work until revived in this generation"; and modern architects may get many a suggestion from the careful drawings given by Mr. Harrison.

The only fault we have to find with Mr. Harrison, beyond a certain tendency to over-emphasize the spectacular side of his theme—he never tires of telling us how many of the sisters and cousins and aunts of his personages were put to death—is that he has limited himself so closely to the story of the family and their house. In a history of a manor-house we should like to learn something of the manor itself, and Mr. Harrison tells us exceedingly little. He gives an account of the third Sir Richard Weston, the agriculturist (1613-1652), and of his introduction of turnips and clover into England—what a recent writer has

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called "the two pivots of English agriculture." But we should very much like him to tell us what was the sort of estate on which the experiments were tried—how many acres, how many in the owner's hands, and how many in the hands of farmers, what was the population, and half-a-dozen other questions the answers to which would furnish a chapter in social history which very much wants writing. In all probability the farm accounts, the leases and inventories, and so forth, are still in existence somewhere. This is a quiet and soothing occupation we commend to Mr. Harrison's attention.

The family of Weston sank into the ranks of ordinary country squires, and the estate has passed to another name. Mr. Harrison's labor of love is due to the memory of his own father, for many years the lessee of the place, and of "the hours of perfect peace" he has himself enjoyed there. Yet the critic who cares both for antiquarian delights and for modern social reform—for such there may be—will add that not even Sir Richard the agriculturist has rendered a higher service to the State than Mr. Frederic Harrison himself. The record of his labors on behalf of the English artisan will have a new attraction now that they can be associated with the pleasant walks and noble chambers of Sutton Place.

Horatian Echoes. Translations of the Odes of Horace by John Osborne Sargent. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

ALL lyric poetry has in it three constituents, corresponding to that trinity which has been said to constitute man. The metrical form addresses itself to our sensuous nature, the thought to our intellect, while a third constituent, extremely complex and defying analysis, speaks to our soul and is not inappropriately called the "spirit" of the poem. The late Mr. Sargent, like most translators of Horace, made no attempt to reproduce the Horatian metres, and did wisely. But neither did he construct for himself any system of English metres having fixed correspondences with those of the original; and this one may be allowed to regret. It is unsatisfactory, for example, to find the minor Sapphic stanza represented by half-a-dozen different metres, although to the majority of English readers this very variety will commend the book; nor is it less disappointing to find, here and there, such transformations as that of the Ode to Lydia (I. xiii.), into which Horace has put all the ill-humor and jealousy which his urbane self-restraint permitted, while the translator has turned his serious choriambics into rollicking dactyls.

With regard to the spirit of these poems, it is so intangible, so undefinable, so Protean, that it cannot be said to possess identity. A perfect translation would doubtless appear as full of life and soul as the original; but could we in any way identify these as the same life and soul that informed the originals? We can say of Mr. Sargent that he achieved a large measure of success in the difficult task of catching the spirit of his author, although his gayety is more boisterous than that of Horace, and he is far less gracefully serious. And if, occasionally, the spirit of an ode is misapprehended, as is the case with the first of the first book, it is very happily seized in the larger number. We should like to quote some of these pleasing verses, but space forbids; and we must leave it to the sympathetic reader to discover these beauties for himself.

But, if the metre be allowed to be inimitable and the spirit incapable of identification, the remaining constituent, the thought, is susceptible of being transferred to another language with any amount of accuracy of which the translator is capable, especially when the author is Horace, a clear thinker and the most modern of the ancients. In this particular Mr. Sargent's translations are open to considerable criticism. If it would be unreasonable to expect from Mr. Sargent the qualities of a finished Latinist and critic, when his life was so full of other important work which challenged the approbation and respect of his countrymen, on the other hand we cannot forget that, as a translator, he owed the reader the best rendering possible, and that want of time is no excuse for literary imperfection. When *Oronte* in the "Misanthrope" pleads the haste with which his sonnet was written, *Alceste* justly replies:

"Voyons, monsieur; le temps ne fait rien à l'affaire."

That Mr. Sargent bestowed some original labor upon the author's Latinity appears from the first part of the appendix to the present volume, where he defends the conjectural reading "te" for "me" in the twenty-ninth line of I. Od. i.; but this very discussion shows too clearly that he was not good at the business of textual criticism, and his erroneous decision in favor of "te" causes him to miss the exquisitely managed contrast between the reward of lower ambitions which raises men to the level of the demigods (*terrarum dominos*), and the poetic glory which makes the poet feel as if he communed with the Gods of Olympus (*dis superis*). Nor is it easy to see why the translator of "Exegi monumentum aere perennius" should be staggered by a display of egotism than which nothing is more common in poetry. Another fine point is also missed in the same ode, where "manet" (line 25, cf. I. Sat. v., 87) which certainly means "passes the night," is misunderstood, and the delicacy of "tenerae conjugis immemor" thereby entirely lost. In I. iii., the translator finds a clause of result in "reddas incolumem," an error which Dryden avoided. It required no little courage to attempt I. v., the ode to Pyrrha, after Milton's exquisite version. Milton in sixteen lines preserves the thought of Horace with incomparable fidelity; Mr. Sargent in twenty-four (the difference being due to mere padding) misses the thought in his "with roses crowned," in making "antro" "*his* cell," and in rendering "te aurea" by "thy golden prime," which means something totally different. We might multiply examples of such inaccuracy, but our limits forbid us to add more than one. In the fine ode, IV. ii., "nititur pennis" has been mistranslated by Francis and by Thornton as an equivalent to "conatur"; but Mr. Sargent's "essays to give some glassy sea a name" is far worse than Francis's "tries his pathless way." The true rendering is, "is poised on pinions wax-bound," etc.

This book is enriched with a brief but sympathetic preface from the graceful pen of Dr. Holmes, a life-long friend of the author, and with an interesting sketch of Mr. Sargent. An original ode by the latter serves as an introduction, and is one of the best things in the book. Nothing could be more dainty or in better taste than the make-up, whether we consider the typography, the paper, or the binding. It is a credit to American book-making.

Memoir of James Prescott Joule. By Osborne Reynolds. Manchester, Eng.

THIS memoir forms the sixth volume of the fourth series of the Memoirs and Proceedings of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, and contains the best account of Joule's life-work that we have seen. That life-work made an epoch in the history of the physical sciences, and Prof. Reynolds has done well in tracing it in detail. James Prescott Joule was born on the 24th of December, 1818, at Salford, where his father was a wealthy brewer. His first scientific research was published in 1838, and from that time until within two or three years before his death in 1889, he devoted himself almost exclusively to a single line of investigation—one of fundamental importance, and one in which he achieved a magnificent success.

The conception of the law of the conservation of energy was not new. It had been distinctly expressed by John Bernoulli, whose work, even now but little known, has been recently made the subject of an interesting paper by Mr. G. F. Becker. What we now call energy Bernoulli called "facultas agendi," which is our modern definition. To quote from the paper cited, Bernoulli said:

"*Vis viva* (which would be more aptly named *facultas agendi*, Gallice, *le pouvoir*) is something real and substantial which has an independent existence, and, whatever it consists of, depends upon nothing else. Whence we conclude that any given *vis viva* is a determinate quantity, of which none can disappear except it reappear in the effect produced. Hence it follows at once that *vis viva* is always preserved, and so perfectly that what inhered in one or many bodies before action is now, after action, necessarily found in another or in several others, excepting what remained in the first systems. And this we call the *conservationem virium vivarum*."

And again, in substance: Whether bodies are regarded as communicating motion to one another, or whether one considers the various modifications of the motion of one and the same body depending on its own force (where nothing can vanish without an equivalent effect), "pro fundamento et principio universali poni debet conservatio virium vivarum, hoc est illius facultatis agendi."

The principle of the conservation of energy can hardly be more clearly expressed. Dim adumbrations of the other great principle, that of the equivalent transformation of different forms of energy, may have floated through other minds. As special instances of a limited grasp of this conception, we may cite the views of Séguin, Colding, and Robert Mayer on the equivalence of heat and mechanical work. But, so far as we have been able to find, Joule first distinctly saw the truth of the grandest generalization of modern physical science. He did far more—he first proved by experiment the truth of the second general principle, that of equivalent transformation. Prof. Reynolds speaks of Joule as the discoverer of the law of the conservation of energy. If, as we suppose, the term is here to be understood as including the law of transformation, the claim is certainly a just one, but it would be better not to change the signification of familiar terms, and to distinguish between the two laws, however intimately connected. A very acrimonious controversy as to the discovery of the equivalence of heat and work was waged in England some years since. The simple truth is that, whoever may have first conceived the idea of that equivalence, Joule first experimentally proved its truth and determined the numerical relation between the values of the units concerned, in a manner to which no exception could be taken. As in the case of most truly great discoverers, Joule's recognition was slow in coming, and men of the highest rank in science for years refused their assent to his views. But no laws in physics are now more fully es-

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tablished and more generally adopted and applied than the two which Joule spent his life in establishing.

Prof. Reynolds has done his work well, and seems to have kept in mind the dictum of Heracleitus, that "dry light is the best." Joule's place among scientific men of the very highest rank is secure. So far as we can judge from the rather colorless picture of his personal character, he seems to have been modest, fair-minded, and capable of inspiring other men with warm respect and attachment.

Letters from South Africa. By the *Times* Special Correspondent. Macmillan & Co. 1893. Pp. 116, 8vo.

THIS is not a book of travels in the ordinary sense, though it contains many passages descriptive of life and scenery; but it is a clear and concise statement of the situation in South Africa created by the recent extraordinary development of its mining industries. Kimberley and the admirable method of treatment of its workmen, both native and white, by the De Beers Company; and Johannesburg, with the material resources of the Rand, are the subject of the first letters. Following these is an impartial statement of the one grievance of the Transvaal, the possession of Swaziland, the Boer side being given in the words of President Kruger himself. Another letter is devoted to a discussion of the railway and customs questions, especially as they affect the Orange Free State. The native problem, the most important of all to the Africander, is fully treated; its satisfactory solution in Basutoland, where the negro has been educated to work, and whence, out of a population of 218,000, there went in 1891 from 50,000 to 60,000 to work in the mines, being contrasted with the degraded condition of the natives on the reservations, the "gigantic pauper asylums." Here, his land being inalienable, and being deprived of the old inducement to exertion, the necessity of fighting for his existence, the native has become "an excrescence upon creation, useful to no one, and least of all to himself." The closing letter shows how Natal is handicapped in her struggle with the Cape for the trade with the interior, and states strongly the claim which she makes for self-government.

The chief impression derived from the book is of the amazing wealth of the mining regions and the utter inadequacy of the means to develop it properly. This wealth does not consist so much in its gold and diamonds (which, it is thought, are less valuable than the iron, copper, and coal, to say nothing of the vast silver zones) as in its agricultural resources. The description of the great farm near Johannesburg reads like a flight of the wildest imagination. Though it was mid-winter, "there were peanuts ready for reaping, and green oats, barley in the ear and barley in the shoot; Swedish turnips fit for storing and Swedish turnips just shooting, mangold-wurzel also in both stages, rye in the ear, carrots quite young and carrots ready for storing, potatoes in both stages; and in one immense field the sowers and reapers had literally met." "The fields were bordered by hedges of quince, pear, apple, plum, and peach. The gardens contained a profusion of European vegetables and fruit trees," while acres of roses, violets, and ornamental plants surrounded the house. Yet, less than two years and a half before, all this "was nothing but bare veldt!" Still, perhaps this is not more astonishing than the growth of Johannesburg in five years into a city of 40,000 inhabitants, with broad streets, in which "are shops with plate-glass windows, full of ball-dresses and silver plate," every scrap of material having been carried up by ox-wagons.

This "making of a continent" would proceed with even greater rapidity could the supreme demand of the white population for manual labor be satisfied. Whether or not the distribution of native labor through those parts of the continent in which it is most required can be accomplished by legislation, is the "next great question with which the country will be called upon to deal."

The French War and the Revolution. By William M. Sloane. [American History Series.] Charles Scribner's Sons.

THIS is a straightforward narrative of the political and military events of the years between 1688 and 1783, and more particularly between 1755 and 1783, with disquisitions upon constitutional questions, and a closing chapter upon the intellectual conditions of the time. The author handles his subject in a scholarly manner, with a clear understanding of his own purposes, and the persistent reader, therefore, can hardly fail to carry away certain strong and predetermined impressions. The importance of the French war; the confusion of opinion that prevailed on both sides of the water upon the relations which existed, or should have existed, between the home Government and the colonies; the significance of the first stirrings of migration into the Mississippi basin; the intermixture of boldness and weakness, of patriotism and sectional selfishness, throughout the entire course of the Revolutionary war—such matters are well emphasized. Interesting, too, is Prof. Sloane's illustration of the truth that the colonies passed from the control of Great Britain into a federation with no intervening moment of independent sovereignty. That we owe our liberty to the French alliance is such a commonplace of history that one feels a sensation of pleasure, perhaps unjustifiable, at the attempt made to show that, without foreign aid, the colonists would have emerged from the conflict successful, and with a stronger sense of unity.

So many writers of handy books think it much to be not ungrammatical that Prof. Sloane's power of expression is grateful, but it must be admitted that he is occasionally obscure and frequently monotonous.

Grammar of the Dano-Norwegian Language. By J. Y. Sargent, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1892.

THE present work is the amplification of an 'Outlines of Norwegian Grammar' published by the same author in 1865, and now, as he says, out of print. As the title indicates, the purpose of the book is to give the grammatical principles of the Danish language in Norway, and this is done in a purely conventional way—according to the preface, "without departing from the ordinary grammatical method, which is most generally known and easiest to follow." The 'Grammar' is, accordingly, popular rather than in any way scientific, and as such may be said fairly well to fulfil the measure of its usefulness.

The author has manifestly learned his Norwegian Danish on the ground, and his material for exposition is in most cases both full and well selected. He is, however, absolutely innocent of phonetics, and his account of Norwegian pronunciation is necessarily inexact and unsatisfactory. To say, for instance, that a particular sound is "something like ey in eye" is not to describe it at all, and will leave "the lewd" as much in doubt as "the learned."

Aside from the insufficiency of this part, the book in its inflections and syntax will well suit the purposes of the English-speaking layman, at home or in Norway, who desires only what may be called an objective view of the language. This no previous book has adequately afforded. There are good popular grammars of the Danish of Denmark, but Norwegian-Danish is, in many respects, quite a different matter. Some few errors of commission that might form the subject for more extended comment in a scientific work may be considered comparatively innocuous here.

The Grammar closes with a list of phrases and idioms in which it would be difficult to find anything if wanted, or to make use of it if found. Its material illustrates, however, in an interesting manner, how the idioms and fixed expressions of a language must necessarily reflect the peculiar conditions of the nation speaking it. As approximately synonymous the author renders, for instance, "To carry coals to Newcastle," by the Norse, "To give bakers' children white bread." "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched" is Norse, "Do not sell the bear's skin before you have caught him." "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear" is, "One must watch an alder tree a long time before one gets a swarm of bees out of it." Mr. Sargent's 'Grammar,' as already implied, not only may in future stand the non-scientific student at home in good stead, but may very well form a useful part of the equipment of that large and always increasing army of English-speaking tourists, British and American, who every summer make Norway their scene of operations.

Through Colonial Doorways. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

READERS in whom the last remnant of good taste has not been destroyed by the customs of contemporary journalism, have learned to turn a deaf ear to invitations to invade the privacy of domestic interiors and hear intrusive gossip concerning the affairs of their inmates. When, however, they are invited, as in the present volume, to an "At Home" of the stately entertainers of ceremonious colonial days, it seems but reasonable to expect that instead of gossip there shall be picturesquely illustrative anecdotes, and in place of inventories of the ladies' silks, satins, and jewels, chronicles of gracious speech and finished deportment. A measure of familiarity, gained from the fiction of Thackeray and Hawthorne or the soberer pages of essayists, most readers already have with the times when our country's manners still preserved something of an old-world courtliness. To their store of such literary reminiscences all would gladly add others of like quality.

Unfortunately for expectations of better things, what is here actually shown through colonial doorways is too much of a feather with what the public at the heels of the reporters sees through modern doorways. If, however, there are those who are ambitious of knowing who had ancestors "in society" in the Philadelphia of a few generations back, they will undoubtedly find their account in the volume before us. They may read, on page after page, a goodly array of those lists of names so stirring to some plain people, showing in this case who were bidden to the "Meschianza" of the year 1778, and to the "Philadelphia Dancing Assemblies," and who took part in the "Wis-

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tar Parties" of earliest date. A single departure from the charmed circle of the Quaker City society is made in favor of the "New York Balls and Receptions." The "American Philosophical Society" also gives its name to a chapter, and of its founder the remark is made that it was the "union of the ideal and the practical that caused Franklin to be so appreciated by the French." In the chapter headed "A Bundle of Old Love Letters," which contains the homeliest and therefore, to our minds, most attractive of any of these glimpses of the ways of our forefathers, one may read the following reflection: "It is well that some of these old letters of sentiment and domestic life are left us, for did we not occasionally catch glimpses of the great men of the past penning tender messages to beloved objects (sometimes, indeed, spelling them very ill), writing about their children and sending them trinkets and gewgaws, they would become to us shadowy personages, very spectres, and hauntings of a dream."

To see wasted an opportunity of holding up to a vulgar age patterns of more refined manners and nobler modes of life must cause regret. The pity is the more in this case, in that there is internal evidence that the writer has been betrayed by the facility of her pen into easy writing. Such writing, coupled with easy thinking, is so much the fashion of the hour that it has, like degenerate manners, the effect of contagion, and is difficult to avoid falling into. Yet the men and women whose names recur here were worthy of essays in description more in keeping with their own balanced periods. Of typography, binding, and graceful frontispiece, there is nothing to be said in dispraise. If the author had but done her part as thoroughly as the publisher has his, the result would have been an unusually attractive piece of book-making.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ardel, Henri. Près du Bonheur. W. R. Jenkins. 25 cents.
Ashley, Prof. W. J. An Introduction to English Economic History and Theory. Part II. The End of the Middle Ages. Putnams. $3.
Block, L. J. El Nuevo Mundo: A Poem. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.
Bonar, James. Philosophy and Political Economy. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $2.75.
Cross, A. K. Drawing in the Public Schools. Boston: The Author.
Deland, Mrs. Margaret. Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Dement, R. S. Napoleon: A Drama. Chicago: Knight, Leonard & Co.
Finley, Martha. The Tragedy of Wild River Valley. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Green, Anna K. Marked "Personal." Putnams. $1.
Greswell, Rev. W. P. Outlines of British Colonisation. London: Percival & Co.
Gunter, A. C. Baron Montez of Panama and Paris. Home Publishing Co.
Hardy, W. J. Book-Plates. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Scribners. $2.50.
Jennings, A. C. The Mosaic Record of the Creation Explained. F. H. Revell Co. 20 cents.
Kime, P. G. International Law Directory. 2d ed. London: Bowden, Hudson & Co.
Lachlan, R. An Elementary Treatise on Modern Pure Geometry. Macmillan. $2.25.
Manson, Marsden. Geological and Solar Climates, their Causes and Variations. San Francisco: William Doxey. 75 cents.
Mark Rutherford's Deliverance. Cassell. $1.
Marshall, Prof. A. M. Vertebrate Embryology: A Text-Book for Students and Practitioners. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Putnams. $6.
McMahan, Anna B. The Best Letters of William Cowper. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Princeton Sermons. F. H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Pyat, Félix. The Rag-Picker of Paris. 4th ed. Worthington Co.
Ramsay, Prof. W. M. The Church in the Roman Empire before A. D. 170. Putnams. $3.
Robinson, Prof. W. C. Forensic Oratory: A Manual for Advocates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.50.
Rothwell, R. P. The Mineral Industry, its Statistics, Technology and Trade in the United States and Other Countries. Scientific Publishing Co. $2.50.
Roux, Prof. L. C. Cours de Langue Française. Boston: Schoenhof.
Russell, J. W. An Elementary Treatise on Pure Geometry. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. $2.60.
Sand, George. Nanon. W. R. Jenkins. 60 cents.
Saunders, Frederick. The Story of the Discovery of the New World by Columbus. Whittaker. 50 cents.
Schelling, Prof. F. E. The Life and Writings of George Gascoigne. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Schemann, Ludwig. Schopenhauer-Briefe. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus.
Scott, Sir W. The Heart of Midlothian. [Dryburgh Edition.] Macmillan. $1.25.
Stevens, B. F. Facsimiles of MSS. in European Archives relating to America, 1773—1783. Vol. XVII. London: B. F. Stevens.
Symonds, J. A. An Introduction to the Study of Dante. 2d ed. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $2.50.
Symonds, J. A. Walt Whitman: A Study. London: John C. Nimmo.
Taube, G. von. A Medicus in Love. W. D. Rowland. 50 cents.
The *Century*. Nov., 1892—April, 1893. The Century Co.
The Merchant of Venice. American Book Co. 20 cents.
Webb, A. R. Islam in America. Oriental Publishing Co.

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